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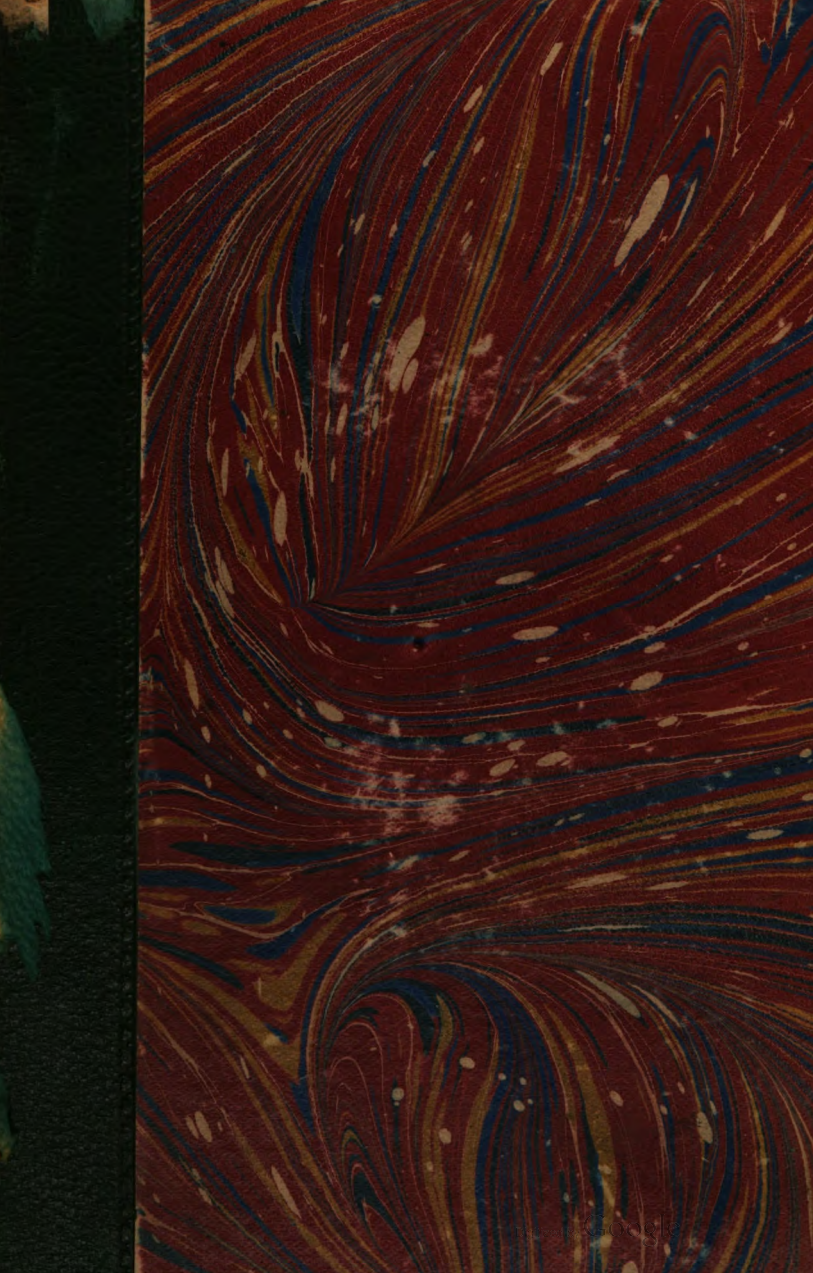

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CONFESSIONS

OF AN

OXONIAN,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

The world will wonder at two things; that I should have had so much to confess, and that I should have confessed so much.—LORD BYRON.

Embellished with thirty-six coloured Plates.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

J. J. STOCKDALE, PRINTER, No. 24, OPERA COLONNADE.

1826.

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CONFESSIONS

OF

AN OXONIAN.

CHAP. I.

A BIT OF A PREDICAMENT.

Quocumque aspicias, nihil est nisi pontus et aer.

The next time, I opened my eyes, with any sense of my condition, I was surprised at finding myself, in a small room, not much larger than the inside of a stage-coach, swinging, in a kind of crib, which was suspended, from the ceiling, the height of above two feet above the floor. At the foot of this hammock, I

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discerned, through the window, a vast tract of water, on every side, and, on raising myself up, to take another view of this aquaeous prospect, and make myself quite certain that I was not deceived, by an illusion of fancy, who should I behold, by my side, but my dear, little, black-eyed Jessica.

This last object startled me, more than that, which had before, excited my astonishment.

Do I dream? I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes, or am I awake, and in my senses, and really perceive myself to be in a cabin, on board a ship, and really behold the sea, which appears to surronnd me? Impossible! I must be dreaming! These can be no other than the phantoms of a disordered imagination! Impossible that I should be at sea; or that that face, which, I fancy, can be really that of Jessica herself!

Here I shook myself again, fully persuaded that I must be dreaming. When I was made certain of the situation, in which I was, by the

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voice of that form, which I could not persuade myself was any thing more than a vision; its accents broke upon my ear, in language, to the following purport.

Not impossible, indeed, is it, that you are, really in a cabin, on board ship, or that the expanse of waters, which you behold, before you, is the sea. Nor do you witness a phantom, in the form, by your side: it is, indeed, no vision, it is she herself, who loves you, who has followed you here; it is, indeed, Jessica herself, who now addresses you.

Indeed then, is it Jessica's self that I see? and is it no vision, no dream, that I am no longer in the same spot where I last remember to have been? Heavens! since it is Jessica herself who speaks to me, let her inform me how it happens that I am where I am? or how I can have been transferred, thus suddenly, from the middle of London, to the middle of the sea? and why I am in a cabin, on board a ship, instead of in my room, at my

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hotel, in Covent Garden? I can surely never be awake, or in my senses! It must be a dream, which haunts me!

Compose yourself, interrupted Jessica, for, sure enough, it was herself, real flesh and blood, and no vision. Your strength will not bear the agitation, into which you are throwing yourself. You do not know that, for the last five days, you have been dreadfully ill, and delirious, your life even despaired of.

But, dear Jessica, I exclaimed, with an impatience, natural enough, what can all that have to do with the fact of my being where I am?

It was, entirely, to the state, in which you were found, some six days ago, replied Jessica, that you owe your presence here. It was at a very late period of the night, that, some sailors, belonging to this ship, in their way down to the Thames, to join it, picked you up, at the corner of a street, lying senseless, and bleeding, and brought you, with

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them, on board, where, by the medical attendance, which you have received, your life has been preserved. In the mean time, the ship set sail, and, having a fair wind, soon got out of the Channel, and is now fairly advanced on its voyage.

Its voyage, whither? I exclaimed. Heavens! they had better have let me die, in the gutter, than kindly save my life, to banish me from my home, and drive my friends distracted, in hunting about for me, to no purpose. But I was born to be miserable, and unfortunate, and always to be implicated in some strange, unlucky adventure, or other!

Here, I sunk, exhausted from feebleness, and loss of breath, and, when a little recovered, I found Jessica, leaning, very anxiously, over me, and endeavouring to resuscitate me with aromatic vinegar, which she held to my nostrils.

Be calm, she said, you will be calm, I'm

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sure, if you have any regard for her, who loves you so well. Consider the state of feebleness in which you are, and, since you cannot remedy your present condition, do, for my sake, whom you say you love, do endeavour not to agitate yourself.

Well, well! Jessica! I observed, smiling upon her lovely, imploring, black eyes, I will be calm then, which I never should have been, had not you been here, my ministering angel, to console me. But where are they taking us? and, by what coincidence is it, that you, too, should be in the same predicament as myself, torn from your home, and banished in this vile, rickety ship to, God knows, whither, or how far off!

The story is not long, replied Jessica. A few minutes before the sailors picked you up, and carried you away, I heard a noise from my bed-room, whither I had just gone, to retire to rest, as of a person, staggering against the wall; whom, on a sudden, I could

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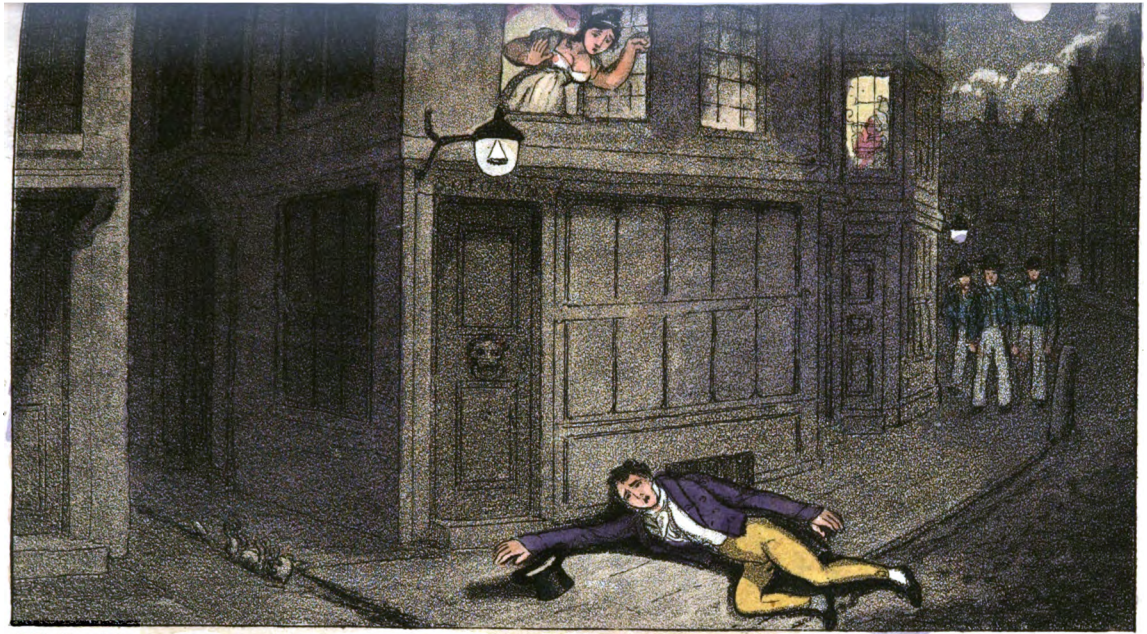

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JESSICA & THE OXONIAN.

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perceive to have dropped down, upon the pavement. This excited my curiosity; and, on looking out at the window, I beheld a figure, prostrate, at the corner of the house, the features of whose face, I was able, by the lamp-light, to discern, and recognized them as your own.

I did not hesitate, a moment, in determining to go down, and, as softly, as I could, convey you into the house, and do, for you, what I might be able, when I had learnt your condition. My father, I resolved, should not be roused from his bed, which was what he would very little have liked, nor be suffered to know any thing about the matter, till the next morning. While, however, I was descending the stair-case, and, before I could unfasten the door, to let myself out, some sailors, as I have told you, on their way down to the river, to take a boat to row to their ship, had just raised you up, and were carrying you away with them.

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Frightened as I was, and doubtful what they were going to do with you, I hurried after them, and called out to them, two or three times, to stop; but they, either not hearing me, or not paying any attention, hastened on, at a brisk pace, with their load, and it was all I could do, to get up to them, by the time they were ready to step into the boat, which they called to the shore.

I ran, panting, to the boat-side, and begged to be taken in too, which was all I was able to articulate, at that moment, being so much out of breath.

Help the poor lassie, said one of the sailors, she's the sweetheart, though I doubt whether she'll have her Jemmy long. Hoist her over the boat-side there, Jack.

In with her, rejoined another; we must lose no time. So I found myself, lying, by your side, at the bottom of the boat, before I had time to recover myself, or ask permission

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THE EMBARKATION.

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to have you put on shore, and to be allowed to take care of you.

At this request, when I was able to make it, the lassie's mad, said one of the sailors. Why, girl, what makes you think that you can take care of him? The lad's a dying fast.

Dying! I exclaimed, good God! dying! You cannot surely mean what you say!

Why, look at his head, and say what you think his chance of living is, rejoined the sailor.

With my eyes full of tears, and half distracted, I scrutinized, eagerly, your head, of which I had not before taken any particular notice, and perceived that it was bound round with a blue handkerchief, which, I suppose, had been hastily tied on, by one of the sailors, when they had first taken you from the pavement. This, I could perceive, was entirely wetted with blood, in the part where it covered the back of your head; and this, together with

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the dreadful, and ghastly paleness, which overspread your features, so alarmed and unnerved me, that I sunk, senseless, in a swoon, upon your neck.

From this, I was aroused, in a few minutes, by the bustle, and motion, occasioned by getting out of the boat, into the ship, at the side of which, we had now arrived. One of the sailors, quickly, took me on board, under his arm, and a piece of tarpauling was let down, in which you were deposited, and drawn up. The moment you had been laid upon deck, the ship's surgeon examined your wound, and had you, instantly, removed to the cabin, which you, at present, occupy, and has been unremitting in his attention, from the first moment, when you came under his hands.

It was said that the ship would not set sail for two days; so that, if you had recovered before that period, you would have been left on shore; but the fever, which had

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possessed you, having increased, and the wind proving fair, it was necessary that the ship should not delay to sail, and all possibility of removing you, being, on account of your dangerous state, precluded, you were, unavoidably, carried out upon the voyage.

As to myself, from the moment I was conscious of your danger, I was determined not to leave your side, till I saw the result of your illness; and I, therefore, did not hesitate in making up my mind to follow you, though you should be carried to the world's end. I did not, however, see the shores of England fade away, behind me, without having dispatched a letter, to inform my father of all the circumstances of my absence; and, from him, be assured, your friends will learn the secret of your loss, should they make public enquiries upon that event.

My father's curses, no doubt, have been uttered upon my head. Yes, he will curse his despised, dishonoured, degraded, and

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loathed daughter, as all that is unchaste and vile; for quitting her home, and abandoning her friends for a lover, and a Christian too! Alas! Heaven knows that I love my father; but my regard for him could not control my compassion, my——

Poor Jessica was quite overcome. Her further utterance was impeded by her tears, and I found that it became my duty to afford, in turn, the consolation, which she had been offering to me.

Nay, sweet, darling Jessica, I said, never think that your father can feel so harshly towards you. He will rather respect and love you the more, for your benevolence of heart, and charity. Is it deemed so deep a sin, by his tribe, to aid a Christian, in his sufferings? But, whatever he may feel, whatever he may utter, will be felt and uttered groundlessly, in the sight and discrimination of Heaven! and, be it what it may, these tears can be of no avail, in diverting the cause, which excited

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them to flow. Then no more of tears, or grieving, or idle vexation, dearest girl. In each other's company, we shall still be happy, and still find consolation and pleasure, though exiled from our home, and subjected to dangers, where we are, and the displeasure of those we have left. Come, love! dry your tears, and be pacified; and the care and kindness, which you have shown me, shall be repaid, as well as it is in my power, in making you happy so long as we are together. Look forward then, with joy, to the hour which we shall pass with each other, and let us congratulate ourselves upon this happiness, which accident has given us, and for which, we had, else, sighed, in vain.

Jessica's eyes had, by this time, brightened up, and, as I finished speaking, her lips, involuntarily, sunk upon my own, and were sealed to them, in one long, fervent kiss, the token of our mutual affection.

Alas! Jessica, you had made me love you,

by the love you had felt, and shown for me, and which it would have been ungrateful not to repay, unnatural, not to feel, for a lovely, interesting girl, who had attended on, and watched over me, when on the bed of sickness, and had been faithfully, mindful of me, when she could forget all her dearest relations, and friends, besides.

I asked my heart if Laura could not have pardoned my love, if she could know the demands, which were made upon it; for, to Laura, my heart, still untravelled, turned, nor was the remembrance of her effaced, amidst all the gratitude and tenderness, which I was bound to feel, for my faithful, lovely Jewess.

* * * *

* * * *

I was, now, in the middle of the Bay of Biscay, and on board a vessel, bound for Bombay.

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CHAP. II.

A CREW OF ODDITIES. A MISSIONARY. A GERMAN STUDENT. THE PURI-CALORIC SYSTEM.

In metaphysics, versed right well,
Less conversant with heaven, than hell;
In speculative doubts, abstracted,
And, with vague theories, distracted.—ANON.

In a few days, I had recovered my strength, sufficiently, to be able to leave my cabin, and walk about, upon deck. I had, two or three times, made up my mind to go on shore, when we should arrive off Lisbon, and get back to

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England, by some merchant-ship or other; but, however, I did not adhere to this resolution; for having, now, made an acquaintance, with one or two very agreeable families, and not, by any means, disliking the sea-voyage, I was perfectly content to remain in the ship, till it should reach its place of destination, although it might be as far distant, as the Japan isles! Besides these inducements for my continuance on board, a strong curiosity possessed me, to see the country of the east. Other feelings too, might have actuated me, in determining to make the entire voyage.

As I was saying, my time was past, very pleasantly, in the society of some one or two, highly agreeable families. There were, also, on board, some one or two, highly disagreeable families; and some strange characters and oddities, which start up, in every society, with which one mingles.

Amongst the oddities of our crew, was a little, fat, copper-complexioned, seedy-faced,

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freckled, Scotch doctor, a physician, I mean, and, by way of contrast, to him, a tall, lean, gaunt, scraggy, grim-visaged figure, dressed in black, whom I discovered to be a missionary. A pretty fellow for a missionary was he! Never could he have obtained, for himself, such a commission, without playing a game of the most consummate hypocrisy. He one day, in an unguarded moment, and under the enlivening influence of grog, disclosed to me the religious princples, which he cherished in petto. This trust-worthy, meritorious missionary was nothing more, nor less, at heart, than a most rank and outrageous Socinian.

Next to this mighty, orthodox gentleman, deserves to be mentioned, a person, who believed in neither God nor devil, or, if he could have believed, at all, in either the one or the other, it would have been in the last. By his scowling features, and air of abstract contemplation, and the huge pair of black

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mustachios, which covered his upper lip, I, of course, recognized in him, a member of a German university.

It was his favourite practice to walk slowly, up and down the deck, every evening, with a cigar in his mouth, and his arms folded; his eyes, immoveably fixed, sometimes upon the boards of the deck, and, at others, upon the sky, or the waves, with equal pertinacity; but, on whatever object it might be, his eyes were always fixed, nor ever wandered.

If any one happened to address him, during these sullen reveries, he would, very deliberately, take his cigar from his mouth, without moving his eyes to see, who might be speaking to him, and answer, laconically, and gruffly, after which, he would replace his cigar between his lips, fold his arms again, and plunge into his profound abstractions.

Whenever he happened to enter into conversation of himself, it was, always, to argue

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against some of the doctrines of revelation, or to indulge in some wild, fanciful, metaphysical speculation.

At the Old and the New Testament, would, this atheist, scoff, with equal bitterness: from the narrative of the flood, to that of the conception of the Virgin Mary, he considered the whole tenor of sacred writ as a farce, as so much romance and galimatias. By mathematical demonstration, he would prove that the first of the events mentioned, was totally impossible; and, as to the last, he used to content himself with saying, that it was on a piece with the rest of the volume, in which it was contained; which, he would argue, was, from the beginning to the end, an invention: so that he offended Jew and Christian, in one and the same breath.

His favourite topic was metaphysics: and, on this subject, he often became quite eloquent. Never was he so happy, as when, lost in speculations of shadowless beings, of the

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occupancy of the air, by invisible forms, and the possibility of working upon them, by the efficacy of charms, to hold tacit, and spiritual communication, with men.

Sometimes, he would launch forth, upon Plato's doctrine of reminiscences, and that of ideas, or abstract archetypal essences of all things, in nature. Human nature, he would say, was but a perfection of mechanism: and, by the doctrine of quietism, a man could plunge his mind into such a state of abstraction, that he should be insensible to the calls of hunger, or the effects of pain.

He would contend that there was no difference, between this world and the next, further than that, by the grossness of the humanity, which impedes it, the soul is unable to perceive the glories, with which it is surrounded; and that, the moment it has escaped the barriers of the flesh, it is in, what men call, the next world. That, notwithstanding this, by an intense degree of abstraction, the

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mind may be, so far, separated from the body, as to be enabled to indulge in a glimpse of the glories, which await it, after its final departure from its fleshy prison.

The world, he believed, according to the Epicurean system, was made up of a fortuitous concourse of atoms*, and, according to the Stoics, that the soul was fire, or rather, that it was an excessive degree of purity in heat, to cite his own explanation of it. That this excessive purity, in heat, can only be attained, by a particular process; that, originally, it took place, by chance, and gave birth, at once, to the whole legion of spiritual beings, who, afterwards, exercised their ingenuity, in orming, by an excessive perfection of mechanical nicety, the human frame, to which they imparted the warmth, of which,

* The title of which doctrine, it appears from the head of the chapter, is the Puri-Calorie system.—Ed.

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they themselves, had been generated, with the power of protracting and perpetuating it.

That this human frame, was made, by them, originally, of clay, as a mere model of their own images, and, without any further intention; but, having formed it, in such a manner as to cherish, and refine, by a regular process, that very purity of heat, which had given birth to themselves, and which is the principle of life, they, unconsciously, in creating earthly forms, occasioned a new creation of spiritual essences, cemented together with them, and imparting, to them, a fleshy beauty and consistency.

That, the moment, this mechanism is disordered, the operation of the machine is at an end; on which event, there being no longer any further powers of cherishing the warmth of animation, it ceases to exist, in the frame, which it had hitherto occupied; and being,

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now, at liberty, joins, by a natural attraction, the essences, which are of the same description as itself.

Nay, he would say, I do, almost, believe I could make a man myself, could the principles of mathematics aid me sufficiently, in forming proportions of the exquisite exactness and nicety, which are required, to effect such a work.

These spiritual beings, he would continue, who were, originally, produced, by this accidental purity of heat, being so pleased with the experiment, which they had just made, from the clay of one of the many worlds, which the universe contains, proceeded to try the same in all the others, and, with equal success. By expressing this opinion, he directly avowed his belief in a plurality of worlds. Furthermore, he would inform us, that, during this vast experiment, a dispute arose, amongst the original spirits, as to the form, in which they should make the figures

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of clay, which they were moulding. Some contended that they should be made, as, we see beasts are formed, while the rest maintained that they should be formed after their own model and image. On this, ensued a violent struggle, which ended in the total discomfiture of the non-conformists; who, as a punishment for their refractory conduct, were excommunicated, by the others, and condemned to dwell, eternally, apart from them, in those regions of the universe, where the great principle of all things, fire, was in its least refined and pure state. These condemned spirits are, what mortals call, devils; and the regions, which they haunt, are known by the term hell. In addition to this punishment, all the forms of earth, which had been made by the rebellious spirits, according to their own device, were deprived of part of the perfection of their mechanism, by the vindictive legion of those who had triumphed, by which, they effected that the animating principle, within these

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obnoxious forms, should be less vigorous, than that, in those, which had been formed after their own model; and, hence that, when the mechanism of the former, should become disordered, the animation within them, should become languid, and, at length, altogether be extinct and annihilate.

Hence, he would observe, is the origin of beasts, birds, fishes, and the reptile race, and hence, the reason of the immortality of the souls of men, and the annihilation of that life, which animates dumb animals.

These obnoxious forms, were subjected to infinite farther disabilities, as, for instance, the total want of speech, and of reason; both, however, of which qualities, they were allowed to possess, in an imperfect degree; which, also, is attributable to the curtailment, which had been made, of the perfection of their mechanical formation.

As to hell, it is not to be supposed that there is any fixed spot, which we can point

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but, as its situation; but, that is to be considered as hell, wheresoever, throughout the universe, the grand principle of universal animation is in its vilest and grossest state. It is there, that these condemned spirits exist; and, as this will be the case, more or less, every where, these spirits must be pronounced to haunt the whole region of the universe. On the other hand, as there is as great a proportion of purity, as of goodness, in the animating principle, which pervades the whole system of things, we must suppose the universe equally divided, by the two opposing spiritual legions; and, as man is the formation of the one, in opposition to the wishes of the other, that body of spirits, which was baffled in the contention, in cherishing enmity to their brothers, who vanquished, them, also extend their hate to the beings, formed by their conquerors. Hence it is that evil is so widely spread, over the human race, and is, ever embittering its existence.

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But I will relate no more of the idle speculations, into which, this infatuated being used to wander. Enough has been seen of them, to show how totally any one, who could maintain such principles, must disbelieve the agency of a supreme being: yet, while we shudder at the impiety, we cannot help smiling at the absurdity of supporting such vain, delusive, and improbable tenets.

Before I proceed to mention the remaining characters of the crew, which demand observation, I must add one word more, with reference to that, which has been just pourtrayed: it is, that if gentlemen, of England, attach any importance to the circumstance of their sons being bred up in the principles of true and sound religion, they will not send them, to receive their education, at the universities of the continent. If they do, they may make up their minds that they will find them, on their return, as rank atheists, as the German student, of whom I have been just speaking,

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or, if not atheists, deists, at the very least, and contemners of the religion of Christ, from which alone is to be derived any thing like real comfort, consolation, or support, in this life, or the hope of happiness in that to come. They may practise immorality at Oxford, or Cambridge; but they will never learn irreligion.

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CHAP. III.

THE JESUIT AND JANSENIST. THE ANTIQUARY.

Η γλωσσ' ομωμοχ, η δε φρην ανωμοτος.

SOPH. Antig.

There was a certain sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross, over.

HUDIBRAS.

How the deuce, the reader will say, could it happen that a German student should be on board an East India Company's ship, bound for Bombay? That is neither here nor there. Ask no questions, the student himself would

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have replied; but I shall not return so unsatisfactory or discourteous an answer, nor conceal the truth; which was, that the metaphysical gentleman, in question, had been seized with a mania, fortelling something of other countries, besides his own; and his present object was to settle, for a year or two, at the Cape of Good Hope, before he proceeded any further eastward.

The next character, of whom I have to speak; was a Portuguese Jesuit, a long, meagre, brown-looking personage, who came on board, from Lisbon. He was a sufficiently shrewd man, and possessed ideas of the highest importance, with respect to the order, to which he belonged: nor did he ever let an opportunity escape, of putting us in mind of the great exertions, which his brethren had, for a long course of years, displayed, in promoting Christianity, in every part of the unenlightened world.

Let the savage, and wide territories of

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South America, bear testimony to our labours, he would say, or, look to China for the establishments, we have instituted, in order to promote the holy work, on which we have embarked. Can our societies be forgotten, in the possessions, which we hold in India, even from the very period, they were gained to us, by the adventurous enterprises of de Gama. O! the profaneness! the impious infatuation, which could ever compass the abolition of our order! But such impiety has met its reward, and, to the support of true religion, and the consolation of all good Christians, our blessed fraternity has been re-established!

At this rate would he talk on, never seeming to suspect, by the countenances of those, who heard him, that there was something, in the tenets of his order, to which we might object. One little, quiet, reserved, silent person, I could perceive, always listened to him, with peculiar impatience, which, particularly

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on one occasion, when the Jesuit had been very vehement on the merits of his sect, and had gone so far as to affirm that faith was a specific for all diseases, from the real virtue of the designation which was attached to it; he was unable to controul himself, and, bursting forth upon the shaven-headed object of his indignation,

What! exclaimed he, I suppose then there is virtue in hypocrisy, deceit, and falsehood, when a charm is thrown over their odious, black, appearance, by the magic of jesuistry? I suppose you will instruct us, that, under the sanction of your doctrine of mental reservation, to cheat a friend, and violate faith, are excusable? That a practice which would tend to the destruction of all confidence, to the termination of all friendships, to the dissolutiou of society is yet to be upheld, as guiltless and innocuous? Heavens! I call to witness, as a refutation of this assertion, if any one shall have the audacity to make it, the mis-

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chiefs it has occasioned, the political ruin it has threatened, the social ties it has severed. Is not the maintenance of this doctrine alone, sufficient to make the sect, which inculcates it, execrable, in the eyes of mankind? Can any exertions, to promote Christianity, be alleged, as an equivalent of good, to the great ballance of evil, occasioned, on the other hand, by this abominable tenet.

This, and much more than this, did the little quiet person utter, now his blood was warm, and his spirit kindled for defiance. He was not permitted to talk, without an equally copious volley of words, in reply, from the Jesuit; and, one thing leading to another, they, at length, got to the subject of the bull of Unigenitus, and took up the quarrel, as warmly, on the respective sides of the question, which they each advocated, as the very original combatants themselves could have done, in all the heat of controversial

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animosity, on the subject, which gave birth to that renowned edict.

In fact, so long, so loud, and so furiously did they keep up this war of words, that none of the by-standers could tell where it would end, or when it would end; till, at last, a termination was put, to the debate, by the captain, himself, taking the liberty to interfere, and requesting the parties to move off the deck, which was the arena of the combat, on pretence of making some alteration in the tackle and rigging of the sails. His good intentions had not the full effect, which he wished, of causing all animosities, between the parties, to subside: all he could obtain was, a close of the altercation. The ill-will, and detestation, which the combatants cherished for one another, could never be banished from the breasts of either of them; and, henceforth, they never spoke to each other, a syllable, good or bad, throughout the voyage.

From the last part of the argument, which

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had arisen, between them, I could perceive, that the opponent of the Jesuit, was really and truly, from the bottom of his heart, a firm upholder of the Pére Quesnel, and, one of the very, very few, remaining scions of the once, widely extended, and influential sect of the Jansenists.

It may be supposed, that, from the moment I had made this discovery, I regarded the man as a curiosity; and so much had I been struck with the modesty of his demeanour, and the reserved simplicity of his manners, that I determined to become acquainted with him; and the more so, from the hate I bore to all, who belonged to the persuasion of his antagonist, whom I have always looked upon, as pests, and abominations, in society.

The loudest and most noisy of the whole crew, was, as usual, an Irishman; a gentleman, who had issued forth from his domain, in Queen's County, crossed St. George's Channel, andembarked for India, for the express purpose

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of marrying eight blooming, blowsy daughters, who were condemned, together with himself, to be squeezed up, in a little hole of a cabin, for the accomplishment of this laudable object, Like Paddy Carey's, their cheeks bore a remarkable resemblance, to use the elegant language of the song, to

Thumping red potatoes:

and, like their papa, they made a vast bustle and noise, and talked loudly enough, to put to silence the whole boisterous company of the cave of Æolus.

They were all Roman Catholics, of course. The father used, frequently, to lament the hardship, and degradation, to which his Catholic brethren were subjected, in not being admitted into an equality of temporal privileges, with the rest of their Protestant fellow subjects. He would, in the midst of these lamentations, frequently walk, hastily,

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up and down the deck, swearing, there were not more true, and loyal subjects, in the whole three united kingdoms, than the Catholics of Ireland.

Och! he would cry, the reason why many oppose Catholic emancipation, is, becaase they think, that, when the laity, amongst us, has been admitted to the privileges, from which it is excluded, it will be wanting further concessions for the clergy. The cursed, crazy, addle-brained fools to say so! Who cares about the clergy? And bad luck to 'em every day in the week, Sundays nat excipted! By St. Patrick, if it was'nt for that unlucky clergy, we should have been free men, before this time!

Amongst other persons, on board, was one of those ever restless, and ever laborious mortals, an antiquary, and, although, like the rest of his fraternity, he had all that absurd anxiety, about little, recondite trumperies, which are just as well forgotten, as enouired

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after, this man was a very general and excellent scholar. Of course, being an antiquarian, his favourite topics in scholarship were the date of the Sandwich and Arundelian marbles; the pronunciation of the Æolic digamma; that mysterious Romana litera, the representative of B. V. and W; the contents of the library of Pisistratus; the probability of Alexander the Great's success, had he made an expedition against the Romans; Pythagoras's doctrine of metempsychosis; the scite of Troy; the analogy between the fables of the ancient Greeks, and various events, recorded in Scripture; the period of the Ogygian and Deucalionic deluges; and, such other points, as afford matter for disputation and quære, to curious scholars.

Independently of these subjects, connected with Greek and Roman lore, he was, equally, eloquent on the discussion of science, in all ages, and, with reference to all nations; and would maintain an argument, on the relative

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antiquity, or priority of existence of astronomy, and other arts, in Hindostan and Egypt, and the origin of the Italian language, with equal ease and readiness. He would give us the History of Alchemy, from Zoroaster down to Trismegistus, with a disquisition on the probable ingredients of that precious liquid, which possessed, in itself, the long sought power of transmutation of metals, into gold, which was discovered by the Italian alchemist, and buried, in a phial, on his demise. Nor was the golden bough of the alchemists forgotten; nor many a hundred thousand marvellous anecdotes of persevering Rosicrucians, and the futile result of their patient labours. From the Eleusinian mysteries, he would derive the subterraneous horrors, practised by the fraternity of freemasons, during the middle ages, in Germany; and, thence, he would launch forth, into an enumeration of all the circumstances, which attract notice, through that period of gloom.

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The Goths in Italy, the Saracens in Spain, the Turks at Constantinople, the wonders of of the Alhambra palace, the prowess of Gonsalve of Cordova, the Troubadours of France, and Lombardy, the importation of Aristotle, into Italy, the logical school-men of Paris, the discovery of the the civil law at Amalfi, the chicanery of the Norman lawyers in England, the Feudal system of the Goths, all afforded him a theme of delight, and endless discussion.

With equal pleasure, would he take a survey of the church-history, from the council of Nice, to the council of Trent, intermingling infinite details of monkish lust, and monkish legendary lore; not forgetting the Crusades, a darling topic, which brought before him the braveries of Richard, the resistance of Saladin, Peter the hermit, Godfrey of Bouillon, the sacred sepulchre, the knights, templars, and hospitallers, the palmers, and pilgrims.

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Then came that inexhaustible subject of discussion, the Reformation, entailing with it, the history of Pope Leo, and his indulgencies; of Harry the Eighth, and his indignation, with the pope's opposition to his wishes; of Wolsey, Cromwell, Cranmer, Luther, Melancthon, Bloody Mary, and all the horrors of her age. Every reformer, from Wickliffe to Robert Knox, was enumerated, his exertions canvassed, his merits recorded; and, as religious subjects are endless, upon the discussion of the Reformation, every head also, of the hydra of sectarism was sure to be attacked, with an exposition of every heresy, which had ever existed, into the bargain. Neither was this antiquarian oracle's breath more exhausted, in the enumeration of the tenets of Arius, Sabellius, Socinus, the Manichæans, the Gnostics, the Pelagians, &c., than it was, in discussing the points of faith, supported by the Calvinists, the Armenians, the Sublapsarians, and the Supralapsarians.

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Heavens! what a string too would follow, upon these, of Muggletonians, Brownists, Anabaptists, Quakers, Shakers, Jumpers, and Methodists. What invectives, against the Puritans, and all those villainous swarms of fifth monarchy-men, new light-men, and others, which infested the age of the Rebellion, in the time of Charles the First.

From these topics, he would fly to romance and chivalry, and revel in reminiscences of squires, knights, and dames, Merlin, Sir Bevis; encounters with giants, enchanters, dwarfs, and, even, with the devil himself.

When he had arrived at the mention of this last personage, the German student, if he happened to be in the way, would step in, to aid his memory, and relieve him, for a while, with sundry legends of the Hartz forest, of Doctor Faustus, and the monkey-cats; of vampires, and magic circles, Mephistophites, thunder, lightning, midnight-goblins, and incantations.

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This was a topic too, into which, eastern literature afforded much insight, in histories of goules, fairies, genii, afrites, yellow dwarfs, and the Lord knows what beside of the marvellous. Monk Lewis would have added fire-kings, and the captain of our vessel used to suggest mermaids, and the monk-fish; a description of which, may be seen in Isaac Walton's complete angler.

All this, and much more would our universal scholar dwell upon. There was not a subject, in fact, which you could name, in which he was not perfectly at home, whether of religion, philosophy, natural, or moral, of the fine arts, poetry, painting, and sculpture; of history, biography, or geology. Not to weary the reader, any further, with all, he could say, on these various topics, I shall merely add, that the names of Pythagoras, Ptolemy, Tychobrahe, Copernicus, Kepler, Euler, Des Cartes, and Newton, were as

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familiar to him, as those of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Confucius, Bacon, Locke, and Paley. The remembrance of Zeuxis, Apelles, Mycon, Lysippus, Cleomenes, Agasias, and Phidias, as that of Michael Angelo, Albert Durer, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorraine, Vandyke and Rubens.

The histories of Herodotus, Thucydides, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Livy, and Tacitus, as those of Philip de Comines, De Thou, Rapin, and Hume; and the biography even of Little John and Robin Hood, Thomas Hicko'thrift, and Sir Richard Whittington, would not be forgotten, in his pleasant moments; and the labours of Plutarch, afforded him constant interest, and subject, for reflection.

To conclude, he could say by heart the greater part of Homer, Virgil, and Horace, together with all the beauties of Shakspear, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Petrarch, Corneille,

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Racine, Boileau, Milton, Spencer, Dryden, Pope, and Byron.

Not less crammed, with specimens of antiquity, and curiosity, was the cabin of our antiquarian, than his head, with lore of all descriptions. In one corner, stood half a dozen old halberds; on this peg, a suit of steel armour was suspended, on that, a suit of buff; on one side of the little apartment, was a cabinet, full of coins and medals; on the other, a corresponding cabinet, stuffed with fossils, with an upper and an under drawer, full of rare old engravings.

Besides these, were a couple of hampers, replete with old bits of rusty iron, and bronze images, broken marble-heads, without noses, and little lamps, without handles, on all which, the antiquarian placed a vast, and important value.

One evening, as I, and one or two others, were sitting with him, in his cabin, deriving instruction, from him, and admiring his curio-

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sities, it was proposed that we should have some salt beef, and grog together; in which proposal, the antiquary, very readily, acquiesced. Accordingly, the bowl of grog was brought, and the antiquary took it into his head to drink his portion of the liquor, out of an ancient, earthern cup, on the curiosity and value of which, he had just been expatiating, informing us, that, as far as he could guess, it must be the identical vessel, from which Socrates drank the hemlock, which occasioned his death. This precious remnant of antiquity, he was just raising to his lips, to taste the generous draught which it contained, when, alas! cruel, odious, filthy destiny! a monkey, which had crept, unperceived, into the cabin, through the window, and had, hitherto, concealed itself, within the coat of buff armour, hopped out, upon a beam, just over the antiquary's head, and voided the nauseating refuse of his odious carcass full into the middle of the precious cup! Up started the

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Findlay fecit.

ANTIQUARIAN & MONKEY.

London Pub.d January 25 1820 by J.J. Stockdale 24, Opera Colonnade.

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antiquary, and down dropped the vessel, which was broken into a thousand pieces!

Who shall describe, as the poets say, the agony, rage, and vexation, of the distressed frantic antiquary? Whether to tear his hair, to seize the monkey, and sacrifice him on the spot, to snatch up the broken fragments of his cherished vessel, or run his head against the wall, and dash out his brains; all appeared to be matter of hesitation, for some moments. He stood, in a state of stupefaction, which, at last, was put an end to, by a loud burst of of invective, against his own folly, for making use of so precious a relic, for such ordinary purposes, and against the odious animal, which had thus ruined his happiness.

En attendant, however, the monkey had, very deliberately, hopped out of the window, through which it had entered, chattering and grimacing, as if it exulted, in the mischief, it had occasioned.

As for the poor, forlorn antiquary, he was

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rendered unhappy, for the rest of the voyage; and, like Henry the First, of England, after the death of his daughter Maude, has, I dare say, never smiled, since the disastrous demolition of his Socrates' cup.

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CHAP. IV.

A TRAGI-COMICAL OCCURRENCE. CURIOUS SPECIMEN OF GOSPEL-DISPENSATION. PHRENOLOGY, AND ITS CONSEQENCES.

She laid on him a desperate thwack,
That cast him sprawling on his back;
What more befel the luckless wight,
At present, shall be veiled in night.—ANON.

By the bye, I ought to have mentioned, for the sake of accuracy, that the object of the antiquary, in making the voyage, on which he had embarked, was, to survey the wonders of

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the Helora Mountain, at no very great distance from Bombay, and which, certainly, is the most surprising spectacle on record: a huge temple, hewn out of a vast, solid rock! The Pyramids, the Temple of Ephesus, the Mausoleum of Artemisia, the Egyptian Labyrinth, the Lake Mœotis, the Colossus of Rhodes, Pompey's Pillar, and all the other wonders of the world, whether Old or New, vanish before this vast monument of Hindoo labour, and ingenuity.

As I have been led to mention the subject of Hindoo worship, I cannot help remarking the circumstance, that all religious monuments of great antiquity, in all nations, are witnessed to agree in their colossal dimensions, and general style: although those nations could have had no apparent intercourse with each other, whatever. In testimony of the truth of this, the huge colossal figures, seen in the ruins of ancient Mexican temples; gigantic structure of the slabs of Stonehenge, the Hindoo, and Egyptian figures, as well as those, seen on

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the discovery of the Savage Islands of Otaheite, and others in the Pacific Ocean, may be adduced.

To proceed to the rest of my compagnons de voyage, who deserve to be noticed:—None, indeed, then, was more conspicuous, than a certain, prim, prudish-looking, starched, stiff-rumped, old maid, who had placed herself, on board, with a cortége of no fewer than seven cats; seven being a lucky number, and cats being her great delight.

The object of this old girl, of fifty-three, in going out to India, was to endeavour to secure to herself a mate; since she, as is the case, with all people in England, was imbued with an idea that husbands were as plentiful in India, as monkeys are; and that, she had only to take courage, and brave the inconvenience and ennui of a long voyage, by sea, to make it an entire certainty that she should, at last, change her maiden name from Miss Dorothy Spotless, to Mrs. Dorothy something

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or other. That this and no other, was her object, in the voyage, I was perfectly certain, although, if marriage happened, only, to be hinted at, in her presence, this pure, tender, and sensitive virgin, would show signs of the greatest uneasiness, and actually pretend to blush, assuming, at the same time, all the bashful airs, which an experienced prude understands putting on. Sometimes she would affect indignation, and horror, at the mention of so abominable and indecent an animal as a lover, and would seem to say with Silvia, in Tasso's Arminta,

> In questa guisa gradirei ciascuno
> Insidiator di mia virginitate,
> Che tu dimandi amante, ed io Nemico.

This charming, and tender virgin used to take the air, upon deck, when the weather was fine, dressed in a great, baggy, rumpled, kind of habit, which she called a pelisse; but

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which bore a much greater resemblance to a bed-gown. This was made of some flowered stuff, or, perhaps, on old piece of chintz, bought, second hand, at an auction, and which had, originally, served for the curtains of a cottage-parlour. The bonnet, in which her head was buried, resembled a huge coal-scuttle, and, as an embellishment to this, a dirty, white veil, fluttered in the breeze, attached to the bonnet, by a piece of faded, red ribbon. A huge, black muff defended, from all atmospheric inclemencies, the delicate, fair arms, of this emblem of innocence, and purity, and a pair of high-heeled, fur-boots, protected, from the intrusion of any nails, which might, unluckily, have projected from the surface of the boards, on which they trod, her pretty, little, exquisite, sylph-like trotters, not exceeding, in lengh, the extent of fifteen inches, nor in breadth, that of seven and three quarters.

Alas! all delicate as she looked, and inno-

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cent as, she would have us believe that she was, it appeared that she too, was not without her frailties, and had, like the rest of hersex, her unguarded moments; for, as chance or mischance, would have it, it so happened that, one day, I having, by mistake, opened the door of the cabin of my friend, the missionary, what should I behold, but the pious and godly man himself, and the innocent Miss Dorothea Spotless, reclining on the hammock of the aforesaid, pious gentleman, and situated in so unequivocal..... In short, such a gospel-dispensation, I never witnessed before.

Oh! mon Dieu! thought I, what exquisite characters these propagators of the Christian religion are! It is bad enough, to indulge in fleshly lusts, and all manner of sensualities, for those, who are not invested with any sacred office, or in the discharge of any pious functions; but, what are we to think of those who, notwithstanding the sacred func-

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toins which they are authorized to perform, and the spirit and decorous character, which, it is their duty to maintain, plunge into sensualities, and give way to carnal propensities, with as little restraint as those, who are not in the same spiritual capacities as themselves! I could, however, do no more than shrug up my shoulders, after all this reflection, which was forced upon me by the exhibition of frailty, of which I had been an unwilling witness, with an excuse for the missionary, that he was no worse than the rest, or a very great proportion of the rest, of his brethren, who were invested with the discharge of sacred functions.

He is not more to be blamed, said I, than Pope Joan, and many other great dignitaries of that church, who have set him the bright example, which he, so religiously, follows; and, as for poor Miss Dorothea Spotless, why she resembles the rest of her sex, and likes a little sport now and then; and why should

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she not enjoy it, with such a pure, moral, demure gentleman, as Mr——, the missionary?

There was another person, however, who got scent of Miss Dorothea's faux pas, and this was the little, seedy-faced, fat, short, punchy, Scotch doctor. Now, this little doctor, besides being an anatomist, and a physician, was skilled in that very profound and surprising science, which, some have had the audacity to designate a humbug, phrenology, alias craniology, alias scalpoflabbergastology; which, however, for brevity's sake, shall be here termed by the first of its titles, videlicet, phrenology*.

Well, as I was saying, the doctor, having gotten scent of Miss Dolly's faux pas, had a mind to tease the same sweet spinster, by letting her perceive that he was privy to the secret of her love—for the gospel! which

* This subject is most interestingly treated in the "SYSTEMS." By the Author of Kalogynomia, 1 vol, 8s. 6d.—ED.

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design he was enabled, most satisfactorily, to effect, by the aid, and under the pretext of the experience of the Scientia Phrenologica.

It happened then, that, one, rather windy day, as Miss Dolly was taking the air, on deck, the ribbons, which attached her bonnet to her head, being very loosely tied, in order, perhaps, that her delicate chin might not be incommoded, the said ribbons, from being loosely tied, shortly became altogether untied, and, in another moment, off went the bonnet, on the wings of the wind, and away scrambled Miss Dolly, squalling, after it. But, alas! the bonnet advanced at a quicker rate than its mistress, and, after having dodged her, up and down the deck, for a few minutes, with a bound, it sprung over the barrier of the ship's side, and, after tumbling and jolting about, through the air, like a fisher's smack, in a storm, it, at last, touched the surface of the waves, when a shark, attracted, no doubt, by the redness of its dirty ribbons, darted upon

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it, and drew it down, beneath the surface of the deep, the victim of his voracity.

At the loss of her bonnet, Mademoiselle Spotless was, as any gentle damsel would have been, inconsolable. Her dear Leghorn had become food for fishes! Meanwhile, she, bereft of any covering to her head, was catching cold, when the little, punchy, Scotch doctor, very politely stepped up, and offered, a silk, Spital-fields, pocket-handkerchief, with which he had been blowing his nose, for not much more than six weeks; at the same time, folding it up, very assiduously, upon his knee, as a protection, at once, from the cold, and an ornament, for the denuded damsel's pericranium.

Uninviting as the Doctor's handkerchief appeared, it was not refused, by the lady, who was, now, beginning to sneeze, and to betray other symptoms of an approaching attack of cold. But, oh! the provoking droll! the doctor, instead of attaching the

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handkerchief, without a moment's delay, to her head, as he should have done, needs must, after having arranged it, and when just proceeding to tie it on, all on a sudden, snatch it off, with the exclamation of,

How surprising! how unaccountable! never saw so strong a specimen in my life! Allow me, Ma'am, if you please.

Miss Dorothea, no less surprised than the doctor, demanded, with some indignation,

What is surprising, Sir? I should very much like to know. What do you mean, Sir, by talking of unaccountable? What, pray, do you wish I should allow you to do?

Here again the doctor interrupted her with, O Ma'am, your head, your head! Never saw such a specimen!

Specimen, of what, Sir? screamed out Miss Dolly, nearly bursting, with rage and impatience.

I must really examine. I must, indeed, now, Miss Spotless. Saying which, the

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doctor thrust his five fingers down to the roots fair Dolly's hair, and fumbled about, all over the top of her head, crying out amativeness, amativeness! Oh! exquisite specimen! Mr. D——, addressing a young man, who was standing a few yards off, will you step here! Oh! what a specimen! Such a bump! Amativeness! amativeness! oh!

During this forcible examination of the premises of her head, with its accompanying harangue, it may be conceived that Miss Dolly's lungs were in full operation, and all their energies, of screaming, put forth to their fullest extent. Such an unusual noise, of course, brought together the whole ship's crew, to see what could be the matter? The jesuit, the jansenist, the German student, the antiquary, the Irishman, and his blowsy daughters, Miss Dolly's train of cats, and the mischievous monkey, all came, helter skelter, upon deck, at the shrill summons, which vibrated in their ears. Cook, scullion, sur-

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geon, boatswain, cockswain, sailor, sea-boy, carpenter, mate, and captain, all, simultaneously, bustled to the scene of action.

Meantime, Miss Dolly continued screaming and squalling, kicking and clawing, sufficiently, one should have thought, to have baffled the attack, even of the shark, which had swallowed her bonnet; but all to no purpose in the present instance. The doctor stood his ground, and, maintaining his hold upon her head, relaxed not a bit from the fumbling examination, which he had commenced; but, on the contrary, appeared, rather to be encouraged to proceed in it, by the presence of so large an audience; and, in spite of the scratches he was receiving, in all quarters of his face, eyes, nose, mouth, cheeks, and chin, in spite of the blood, which flowed from these incisions in his seedy, brown, russetty little phiz, in spite of the kicks, which came in contact with his chins, he continued stoutly to exclaim,

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Amativeness, ladies and gentlemen, amativeness! never, in my life, met with such a specimen! nay, more, here we have philoprogenitiveness, philoprogenitiveness! I declare.

Mr. ——, calling to the missionary, who had made his appearance, with the rest of the crew, and stood by, looking most indescribably foolish; do apply your hand to this surprisingly powerful protuberance; most surprising specimen, really Mr. ——, do apply your hand! philoprogenitiveness!

So far from evincing any gallantry or generosity, in assisting Miss Dorothea Spotless, the whole company was nearly dying, with most disrespectful, and unrestrained laughter, at this innocent, injured damsel's expense.

The laugh, however, was not destined to remain very long, on the doctor's side; for, Miss Spotless, having summoned up all her energies, and rage inspiring her with a force,

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a vis humanâ major, she performed a feat, which occasioned a feeling of concern to mingle with that of mirth, and served very effectually, to damp the buoyancy of the merriment, which the recollection of this exhibition, so degrading to herself, might hereafter excite. Having, with a violent effort, succeeded in extricating her locks, from the grasp of the Doctor, she seized that little, fat, obnoxious, seedy-faced, punchy gentleman, by the throat, and, after giving him a most violent shaking, for the space of some three or four minutes, she pushed him, backwards, with all her might and main, and sent him spinning, like a Dutch butter-barrel, across the deck, against the side of the ship; when having, beyond all possibility of recovering it, lost his balance, overboard he went, screaming and bellowing, as loudly, as Miss Spotless had done; and since, according to the poet,

Facilis descensus Averni,

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Down into the water he spun with great expedition.

> Down he went,
> And round he went,

As Campbell says, and sunk, alas! in the briny gulph, like the bonnet, food for fishes, βοσιν ιχθυσιν.

> Sea nymphs hourly, toll his knell,
> Hark! now I hear them! Ding dong bell!

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CHAP. V.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN OF WARM PASSIONS, GOING OUT TO INDIA. A REFLECTION, NOT UNWORTHY OF REGARD.

Get brats and starve.—VENICE PRESERVED.

Such was the end of the ever-memorable tragi-comedy, of which I was a spectator. The heroine of the piece, at the fall of the curtain, that is, at the fall of the little fat Doctor, hurried off the stage, to seek all the consolation and comfort, which brandy, and the gospel-dispensation could afford her.

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To behold the missionary, during the Doctor's appeal, to him, on the propensity to philoprogenitiveness, of which Miss Spotless's skull bore testimony, was one of the most ridiculous spectacles imaginable. He made as many wry faces, as a man who is taking assa-fœtida, to cure him of fits; and he looked as sulky, withal, as a he-donkey, on the abduction of his patient, amorous, braying, she-companion, and the subsequent investment of his back, well loaded, with a pair of panniers.

As I, and another young man, who was going out, as a writer, were amusing ourselves, with talking over the circumstances of the phrenological lecture, just related,

The philoprogenitive propensities, said he, which were so prominently displayed, on the pericranium of Miss Spotless, are carried to, an alarming extent, I understand in the climes, which we are now, on our way, to visit.

Yes, indeed, I observed, Malthus's gorge

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would rise more frequently and more powerfully, in our Indian settlements, than it does, even in the district of St. Giles, London: but you seem to speak with some sensation of alarm.

Yes, I do, I assure you. By what I have been able to learn, it appears, that no man, who goes out to India, escapes the burthen of having a family of illegitimate children. Now, God knows, I wish, as little as any man, to be plagued with such an incumbrance.

Continence, Sir, continence, I replied. You must practise continence, with all your might and main.

But, my dear Sir, who the devil is to practise continence, in regions, where the climate is so confoundedly warm, and the passions so perpetually excited? Human nature is far too weak, too frail, to resist the effect of so powerful a stimulant.

Very true, Sir, very true. It is much to be

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lamented. The only means of avoiding the evil, is by submitting to emasculation, though it is a cruel alternative, and one, which, I should recommend, with reluctance; but, since it is impossible for you, like the rest of mankind, not to give way to the impulse of passion, under such powerful incitements, and, as you are so averse to the idea of a flock of illegitimate children, why not make up your mind to marry? Take unto yourself a wife, Sir, by all means, and let a lawful offspring be the result of the flesh's frailty.

Gracious heavens! marry! Not for the world! An establishment is utter ruin, unless a man is blest with wealth. A poor writer, like myself, or any body else, who is not better provided with means than I am, would only marry to render a wife miserable; for love will, hardly, make human nature insensible, to great discomforts, cruel and degrading denials, and the insolence, which want, usually, experiences.

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Aye, very true.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quàm quod ridiculos homines fecit.

Yet, how many do we see, in the very circumstances, which you have, this moment described, and, of which, the idea is so distressing.

For my part, interposed a melancholy looking gentlemen, who was standing by, putting aside the question of poverty or affluence, that, which is most peculiarly painful to me, in the contemplation of either matrimony, or concubinage, is the idea of being the instrument, of bringing into the world, beings, who, without their own consent, or volition, are placed in an existence, teeming with wretchedness, and misery, rendered, at once, liable to all manner of disease, danger, want, penury, and labour. It would be an absolute cruelty, speaking, in my own instance, to bequeath to

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others, beyond the power of their own control, to prolong, in others, that life, which has afforded so little pleasure or satisfaction to myself: life, for giving me which, I have so often been provoked to accuse my own parents!

Alas! in the gratification of a moment's sensual enjoyment, a being is created, condemned, hereafter, to groan beneath the thousand thousand ills, that flesh is heir to! It is, indeed, a very cruel consideration.

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CHAP. VI.

ST. HELENA. NAPOLEON. A SAVOURY REPAST.

He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.—JOHNSON.

To the reflection, with which, the preceding chapter ended, the writer replied,

It does not surely follow, Sir, that, because your own life has not been so fortunate, or so happy, as you could have wished it, that those, who may derive their birth from you, should also experience a similar condition of unhappi-

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ness, or similar causes of dissatisfaction, with their existence.

No, said the gentlemen, it does not, certainly, follow; but still there is a chance, and, in my estimation of the matter, the bare chance is better avoided.

Here, the conversation was interrupted, by a bustle on deck, occasioned by the sight of the island of St. Helena. This circumstance, of course, furnished an inexhaustible subject of interest, in the recollections, to which it gave rise, of that august personage, in being the prison of whom, the name of St. Helena will be perpetuated, to the latest period of time.

Some were engrossed in contemplating his wonderful career, from a condition of obscurity, to an elevation, even

Above thrones elate,

to a supremacy, which looked upon kings and

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princes as its tributaries and vassals; in recounting the victories, by which, he was urged along to power, from the period, when he was constituted the republican general, to that when he wreathed his own head, with an imperial crown.

Others, on the contrary, addressed themselves, with sorrow and regret, to the reflection of the gloom of degradation, in which, the sun of these glories set. Who, indeed, does not feel his indignation kindle, at the idea of Napoleon Bonaparte, preferring to surrender himself, ignobly, into the hands of his enemy, than to perish on the field of fame, on which, his last struggle for power, had been expended! With how much greater brilliancy would his name have descended to posterity, had he fallen, gloriously, on the plains of Waterloo; than it now will, in the record that he lingered out his existence, as a wretched, degraded captive, in a distant and insignificant island!

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There are some, who consider our government as having acted with illiberality, in making so complete a convict of this great man, and very much reprobate the measure of banishing him to such a distance, and so entirely severing him, from the world, and from the enjoyments of society, and from every access, to whatever makes life liveable;* but, surely, the government was necessitated to adopt the measure, which it pursued, since there would always have been danger of some scheme being entered into, of endeavouring to re-establish their prisoner, in power, had he been confined, in any situation, within the reach of such attempts. What was it to do, for its own security and for the safety of the country, and to prevent the chance of another war? It was compelled to act in such a manner, with regard to its captive, as would

* Vitam non esse vitalem.—TER.—ED.

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prevent the possibility of any such occurrences.

* * * *

I was heartily glad to get on shore, at St. Helena, being somewhat tired by the confinement of the ship. Jessica and I scrambled up the rocks together, and visited the habitation of the ex-emperor, of which such frequent descriptions have been given, that it would be impertinent, in me, to say any thing upon the subject.

Of all the ship's crew, who got on shore, to stretch their legs, over the precipices of this island, none seemed so delighted with his temporary liberation, as a certain Frenchman, whose glee, was not the less manifested, at the circumstance of procuring a dinner on fresh meat. In fact, so heartily sick had this person been, at the continued regimen of salt beef, and biscuits, that he had actually, in a fit of impatience, feloniously taken, and killed, and roasted, and devoured one of the

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seven cats, of Miss Dorothea Spotless. To heighten the luxury of his meal, I should mention that he had a dish of pattés made, from an embryo brood of kittens, which were in the womb of his unfortunate victim, and which he devoured with peculiar gusto, declaring that the pattés, exactly resembled those, made of oysters ! !

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CHAP. VII.

CAPE-TOWN. ARRIVAL AT BOMBAY. EFFECTS OF THE MOTION OF A PALANQUIN. OTHER INTERESTING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Egressi optatâ potiuntur Tröes arenâ.—VIRG.

The next place, at which we went ashore, was the Cape of Good Hope. Every body, in Cape Town, is obliged to subject himself to the inconvenience of wearing huge, un-

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couth, green, glass goggles, to prevent the sand coming into his eyes. What with the goggles, and what with the sand, I was heartily sick of Cape Town, and went on board again, without any regret whatever.

I ought, before I quit the mention of the Cape, to make my acknowledgments for the civility, with which I was treated, by the secretary, Colonel Bird,* whom, I have cause to remember, by some excellent Constantia, amongst other things, which I tasted at his house.

Off the Cape, we witnessed one of those terrible phenomena of nature, a water-spout, and, an old Dutch sailor, who had just joined us, on board, informed us, very ominously, that the renowned visionary frigate, which excites so much sensation, amongst the sea-

* This gentleman, as the reader is aware, no longer holds the post of secretary to the governor.

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men of the Cape, had been seen, at dusk, a few days previously, and sailing at the rate of eighteen knots an hour!

Absit omen! thought I. Omens, are, dangerous enough, on land. Heaven forfend, I should have any experience of them at sea. During this tacit reflection, I commenced whistling, which put the Dutch seaman into a horrid agitation; and, I verily believe, if he could have had his own will, he would have sentenced me to be thrown overboard, and made food for fishes, as the little, fat doctor, and Miss Spotless's bonnet had been.

At length, thank Heaven, we all disembarked, and, ultimately, found a resting place, in the spot, to which we were destined, Bombay. On landing, our whole crew were, very civilly, and hospitably received, by different families, who, all appeared to vie with each other, in endeavouring to show us the greatest politeness.

The Frenchman, the moment he placed

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foot on shore, procured half a dozen black fellows, to bustle off with him, in a palanquin, to the first place of refreshment, in the town, where he instantly proceeded to testify his delight, at being able to command something of a cuisine, and his contempt for salt beef, and hard biscuit, by making an enormous repast upon curried fish, curried fowl, pish-pash, and claret.

Jessica and I, passed, of course, for man and wife, at the house of our entertainer. Notwithstanding his hospitality, he asked a number of impertinent questions, all which I satisfied, plausibly enough, by some humbug of a story or other: nevertheless, a sufficiently proper answer for his inquisitiveness.

He was a sallow-faced, spermaceti-looking creature, and burdened with listlessness, and indolence, to such a degree, that he could hardly speak, and, when he did speak, he uttered his words, in so drawling, and squeaking a tone, that it was difficult, at all times,

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to catch their import. He had little animation; every thing was done for him, by his slaves, or I should say, servants, for so they must be called. Some crammed his meat, into his mouth; others put his cup, to his lips; some wheeled him about, in an easy chair, to different parts of the room, just as he might be desirous of moving; while others fanned him; in fact, he appeared to be a complete vegetable, and to have as little use of his intellect, as he had of his arms and legs.

Notwithstanding this, we had every reason to thank him, for receiving us, into his house, as he did, and entertaining us; which piece of politeness, however, I cannot help suspecting, arose, from no other cause than the love of gossip, and asking questions; for, as to giving us any information, on points, of which we were ignorant, he informed us of scarcely any thing at all, either from igno-

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rance in himself, or want of energy of intellect: I am willing so believe, the latter.

He was heartily pitied by Jessica and me, in common with all those, whose residence is fixed in these direfully warm regions.

I remarked, to Jessica, that the furnace, into which Shedrach, Mesheck, and Abednego were thrown, could scarcely have been hotter than the regions, in which we were, scorched by a perpetual Sirius.

This remark too, was made, when we were both, all but in a complete state of denudation, lying together, on a mat, for the first time in our lives, instead of a mattress, by way of a bed. We did, literally, melt away, in each other's arms!

The next morning, I sallied forth, nearly dead with the heat, in a palanquin, to procure lodgings for my dear little Jewess and myself.

The motion of a palanquin is something like that of a sedan chair; but infinitely more

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J. Findlay Pinx.

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jolting, as the men move at a quicker pace, than the chairmen, generally, go. Before my tawney supporters had carried me, or rather jolted me fifty paces, I bawled out to them to stop, or I should be sick; but they, fancying I was urging them to move faster, proceeded to jolt me, ten times as much as before; till, at last, my bowels could resist the attack, made on their tranquillity, no longer, and so, supporting myself on my arm, I leant my head over, and vomited full in the face of the fellow, who supported me, in the rear. This unsavoury deluge occasioned him to start back, by which he knocked the man, who was next him, down; he, in falling, propelled the fellow before him, and so, one toppling over the other, occasioned the downfal of myself and palanquin, both being in danger of being smashed to pieces, upon the dry, hard earth. Down then, I came, to the ground, vomiting and roaring, by turns; cursing, supplicating, and retching, all at once.

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The moment I perceived myself on terra firma, and, before the black rascals could lift me up again, I extricated myself from my confinement, where I had been, as helpless as a turtle, on the top of a stage-coach, and got on my legs, as fast as I could, dreading the idea of a second edition of jolting and vomiting.

I was convinced, however, before I had walked very far, that some such contrivance, as a palanquin, was absolutely necessary, to assist loco-motion, in this hot climate; for my legs, and strength, very soon failing me, I was obliged to submit to the penance of being hoisted on the shoulders of my attendants, to enable me to effect the purpose, on which I had set out; and the restraint I imposed on myself, and the resignation, with which I gave myself up to my fate, in some measure, stifled the propensity to sickness, to which I had, before, given vent.

In a, nearly, dying state, I was hauled out

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of my palanquin, to look at two or three sets of lodgings, when I was, as if by an excentric shock, revived, at the sight of one, whom I considered as being at the time, far, far behind me, safe at home, in England. In a word, not to keep the reader in suspense, the person I beheld, was my very worthy uncle, Colonel Cawdore himself—Colonellus ipsissimus!

Instantly, aroused from my state of lethargy, or restraint, or resignation, or sullen tranquillity, or call it what you will, I ran up to him, and asked him if he recollected me? His astonishment was not less than my own, nor his satisfaction greater than mine, at this, our unexpected rencontre.

Gracious Heaven! he exclaimed, how is it possible that you can be here? Well! I can scarcely believe my own eyes, that I see you! How surprising! and doubly so, as I was lamenting, for many reasons, that your presence here, for which I had just been

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wishing, was a thing totally out of the question, because impossible.

After we had recovered ourselves, a little, from the mutual surprise, with which we had been overwhelmed, I related the whole circumstances, which had led to my being carried away from the English shore, and accounted for my presence on that of India. Nor did I conceal one jot of the story, of my having a compagnons de voyage, in Jessica, whose kindness and attention to me, during my illness, elicited the admiration of the Colonel; though, at the same time, he said I was a sad fellow for running over the world with pretty Jewesses.

In return for the account, I had given him, of myself, he proceeded to inform me, that, not being able to enjoy any rest, from the earnest curiosity and desire, with which he was impelled, to clear up the secret of my birth, which, he said, was already half revealed, he had, at length, determined upon.

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a voyage to India, in order to make, upon the spot itself, as full an investigation, as he possibly could, into circumstances, the elucidation of which, must, otherwise, be entirely despaired of; and, although his hopes were but faint, of the probability of arriving at the discovery he wished, yet, as there might, perhaps, be a chance of success, he was unwilling to let the project remain unattempted. He added that he had arrived, not very long before me, and that the ship, in which he had embarked, had landed its passengers, scarcely a week past. This communication he did not end, without expressing his delight, and his gratitude to Providence, for having, thus, decreed my presence, at a period so critical to his own happiness, as well, indeed, as to my own, by which, the discovery, if any probability existed of its being made, might be accelerated.

It is marvellous, indeed, thought I, that I should have been hurried out, to these distant

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regions, by an unforeseen accident, and urged on, by some impulse, which I could not control, to make a long and tedious voyage. Surely all this can never be for nothing!

After this mutual explanation, I informed the Colonel of the commission, on which, I had set out, not forgetting my qualms in the palanquin, and the adventure consequent thereupon; which afforded him much amusement, and made him laugh heartily. When this expression of his mirth had subsided, he desired me not to put myself to any further trouble, about lodgings, for that he could give me ample room, in those, which he had provided for himself.

And will there be accommodation for little Jessica too? I asked, laughing.

Oh! for shame! for shame! replied the Colonel, laughing more heartily than before. How can I, possibly, permit such a thing?

This rebuke did not prevent me from availing myself of the Colonel's offer, with Jessica

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in my society. I did not, however, bring her in his way, or let him know that she occupied the room, which he had consigned to my use, and, as he never enquired about her, matters went on very snugly, my day being devoted to the company of the Colonel, and the night to that of Jesse.

These nights were not spent in vain; for I imparted so much of the gospel-dispensation, not wholly the same as that which the missionary imparted to Miss Spotless, to my little Israelite, that I succeeded in converting her to the Christian faith.

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CHAP. VIII.

SPECTACLES, GRAND, AWFUL, AND TERRIBLE, BEAUTIFUL AND SUBLIME, EVENTS OF NO SMALL IMPORTANCE.

And, shrinking back, he cried,
Where lead those awful mazes? Whither tend
Those terrible and darksome avenues?.....
Yet lead on. I will go, and meet whate'er
Fate shroud in its portentous cloud.

OLD PLAY.

With a view to the investigation of the circumstances, of which he was so anxious to be informed, the Colonel, recollecting certain

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surmises, which he had expressed, on a previous occasion, made frequent enquiries, all over the place, whether any instances of kidnapping children had been known to occur, within the recollection of such persons as had been, the longest, resident, in the neighbourhood.

To these demands, he was, uniformly, answered, in the negative; till, at last, he began to lose all hopes of learning any thing more than what he was already, too well, acquainted with.

One day, as he was returning, with me, from a hunting party, to which we had been invited, in the interior of the country, we stopped, at a little bungalo, or cottage, by the side of a wood, to procure some fresh cocoa-nut-milk, by way of refreshment.

On rapping at the door, and entering the cottage, we perceived that the tenant was a venerable, old dervish, who, with a gentle in-

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clination of the head, bade us welcome, and motioned us, with his hand, to take a seat, on a rude bench, the further end of which, he himself occupied. On a mat, opposite to him, squatted, a little, black urchin of a boy, who served in the capacity of his attendant, and, by the side of the boy, lay a lean, raw-boned kind of dog, resembling, in appearance, a jackall. This creature, on our first entrance, had been much inclined to fly at us, and had commenced a most obstreperous yell, upon that occasion. He was, however, so far under the subjection of the little, black urchin, before mentioned, that he remained quite still, at his bidding.

Colonel Cawdore, in the course of his conversation with the old man, who, from long intercourse with the English, at Bombay, had become perfectly acquainted with our language did not fail, as usual, to put the question, whether he was able to inform

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THE DERVISH'S COTTAGE.

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him of any instances of kidnapping children, within his recollection? and, as usual, an answer, in the negative, was expected.

For once, it appeared, that the disheartening negative was to be withheld, and the dispiriting, chilling continuance of disappointment, was to be suspended; for, the old man, fixing his eyes on the ground, and passing his hand over his forehead, as if trying to recal events, which had long faded from it, at length raised up his head, and, looking, upon the Colonel, informed him that he did recollect instances, though they had taken place at a distant date, of the nature of those, concerning which he made enquiry.

There lives, said he, pointing through an aperture in the wall, half closed with matting, which served the purpose of a window, there lives, at the further side of yonder wood, one, who, if she be yet alive, can tell you the circumstances of events, of which I have only heard the report, the only one, indeed, from

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whom you can gain the information, you require, as many years have elapsed since any instances of the kind have taken place.

Tell me, eagerly interrupted the Colonel, the way to her habitation, and whereabouts she is to be found, that I may not lose a moment, in hastening to ask, of her, the explanation of a secret, which I have long wished to develope.

It would be useless, replied the dervish, for you to try, of yourself, to discover the way. No directions, of mine, could afford you a guidance through the intricacy of the wood. That little boy, whom you see there, shall be your conductor. He knows the paths, and will lead you, safely, to old Hoonah's cave.

Here boy, he added, guide these strangers to the rock of Vishnu, where the hag Hoonah dwells.

The boy, as he was commanded, unfolded his cramped legs, and, looking back upon his dog, as a sign to the creature to follow

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him, stood, without the door of the bungalo, ready to precede us, on the way, while we were re-mounting the elephant, on which we had ridden, throughout our hunting expedition.

The Indians, who had accompanied us to the chace, ran before us, as well as by our sides, making a noise, with tymbals, and firing pistols, to scare away any wild beasts, which might be lurking, in our vicinity; meanwhile, our path was pointed out to us by our little guide.

I was surprised that none of the Indians knew the way to this cave, and expressed my astonishment, to the Colonel, who asked them the reason of their ignorance? They informed him that they were very little conversant with this part of the country; but that, from the strange legends, which bad been handed down, concerning the cave of Vishnou, and the solitude of its situation, they had never liked to approach it.

INDIAN FOREST.

London, Pub. January 20, 1830, by J. J. Scoobdale, 96 Opera Colonnade.

J. Findlay Sculp.

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A more grandly wild, and savage scene, than an Indian forest, with its fearful jungles, together with the dreadful echoes of the roar of wild beasts, which thunders through its dark, and, apparently, interminable mazes, can scarcely be conceived. A sensation is awakened, more peculiarly terrifying, than can be imagined, by those, who have not experienced it. On one side, a huge serpent coils his folds round the rugged, uncouth bough of some enormous tree, and, attaching himself to it, to the extent of half his length, curls forth his horrid head, and distended jaws, as if threatening to dart down upon whatsoever may happen to pass beneath. On the other, perhaps, a similar horror assails the sight; or some lioness may be seen, springing from the thicket, or a tiger, with his fiery, glaring eyes, couched, in the attitude of watching his prey.

The monkeys, which were innumerable, were quite furious at the din of our tymbals,

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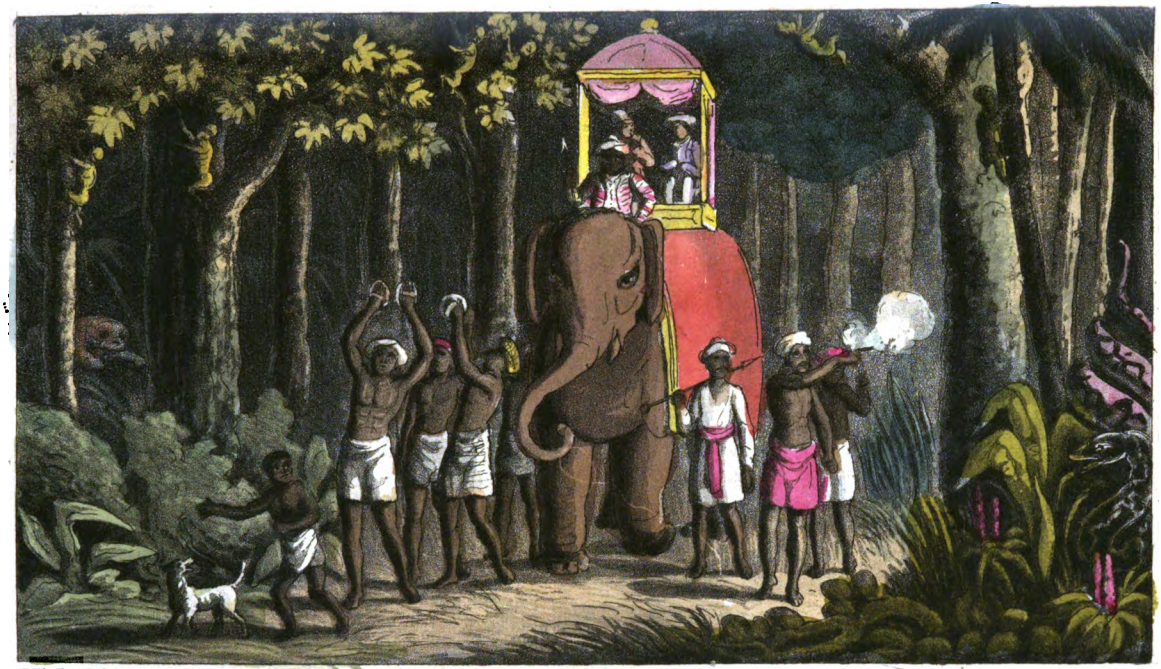

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INDIAN FOREST.

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and scrambled about the boughs, over our heads, making the most hideous mouths at us, and the most discordant noises, expressive of their anger at our intrusion on their privacy.

Through this region of solitude, savageness, and horror, we proceeded, for the distance of five or six miles, by a path, so perplexed, and intricate, that it was, with difficulty, we could force our passage through it, and not without the most imminent danger, particularly in one instance, where we, on a sudden, descended into a deep and dark ravine, at the bottom of which, the brush-wood was so thick, that our little guide was taken up, with us, upon the elephant, and, the Indians, before they advanced, were obliged to light a great, blazing fire, to scare away the wild beasts, which might find a cover in its recesses. This was an admirable expedient, and served as a very effectual protection; for, as there was a quantity of dry rush, and flag-grass, it caught

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fire, instantly, and blazed on, in a train of light, before us, through the whole ravine.

We were, nevertheless, not destined to pass it without an adventure; for, just as we had reached the further end of it, out sprung, from a cavity, in the side of the precipice, full on the haunches of our elephant, a terrible monster of a royal tiger, Colonel Cawdore and I each lodged a ball, the one, in its head, the other, in its body; and thus liberated ourselves, instantly, from our danger; but it is a kind of peril, in which I never wish to be placed again, however quickly I may have been fortunate enough to escape from it.

On reaching the extremity of the ravine, we passed along, for some distance, by the side of a swamp, in the middle of which, we saw great numbers of elephants, bathing, and spouting about the water, from their trunks. Our Indians, also, pointed out to us, two alligators, of which, the boy told us, that the

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J. Findlay Pect.

THE CASCADES.

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swamp was full. It covered a vast extent, of many hundred acres, forming a great chasm, in the forest, the end of which, we, in vain, endeavoured to discover.

The alligators, which I had seen, were lying with their backs just above the surface of the water, and could scarcely be distinguished from trunks of trees.

We now began to emerge from the wood, which, as the boy informed us, we had passed at its very narrowest extent. A most exquisitely grand and picturesque scene, here burst upon us. We found ourselves in the middle of one huge grotto, of mountainous rock, through which, a rapid, and wide torrent, rolled, dashing over the precipitous bed of its current, in a continual succession of deep cascades, with a roar, which awakened the echoes of the adjacent forest. In the midst of the stream, at the foot of one of these cascades, was a beautiful, little island, covered with banyan, and cocoa-nut trees, and,

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amongst them, a huge Talipat tree, which spread its great, broad leaves, into the very middle of the waters of the cascade, and completely hid them in its foam.

A religious kind of awe seemed to have seized upon the whole party of our Indian attendants. The solitude of the place, the monotonous, hoarse roar of the torrent, the gloomy grandeur of the vast rock, in the chasm of which, we were ingulphed, all conspired to excite a feeling of dread, of which the Colonel and myself could not be insensible.

This spot, we were told, was a haunt, sacred to Brahma, and the cave, of which we were in quest, was, at no very great distance, from the passage, at which we had entered the chasm.

Suddenly, our little guide, after having led us, in silence, over the crags, and enormous masses of black rock, which formed the bank

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of the river, sunk before our feet, and was, entirely, hidden from our sight. We perceived, on moving a step or two further, that he had slid into a cavity, about the depth of six or seven feet. Into this, we, instantly, followed him, fearing lest we should lose him, and continued descending, by degrees, deeper and deeper, till we must have been, at the very least, twenty feet below the surface of the river. At length, we ceased descending, and proceeded along a flat, level bottom.

By the stunning sound, which now assailed our ears, almost sufficiently to occasion deafness, we concluded that our subterraneous passage stretched under the bed of the river, in which supposition we were confirmed, by our interpreter, who gave us to understand, from the boy, that we were beneath one of the most impetuous falls of any, which the whole course of the river could display, after

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which, the passage extended completely through the mountain, for the distance of, nearly, two hundred yards.

When, at length, we had again emerged,

Dias in luminis oras,

we hung back, for a moment, quite appalled by the terrific grandeur of the appearance, which nature, here, assumed.

The rock rose, before us, in a thousand, different, fantastic shapes; some resembling the human figure, others spiral, and writhing upwards, their stony folds, to the height of fifty feet, in exact resemblance, to a monstrous serpent; others, again, formed minarets, and peaks, which being, in some places, perforated, as if for windows, had the appearance of old Gothic ruins, the effect of which, was heightened, by the grey moss, spread over them, and a rough kind of incrustration, which covered their surface.

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OUTER CAVE OF VISHNU.

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These uncouth figures, of stone, formed themselves into a long, and narrow oval, at he furthest extremity of which, one immense, ponderous slab of black rock, elevated itself to the height of about eighty feet. Its summit ended in a colossal form, exactly representing the bust of a man. From a vast aperture, which formed the mouth of this gigantic image, gushed a flood of black water, like that of Acheron, and which discharged itself, by a headlong channel, over the adjacent crags, into a deep, obscure basin, in the middle of the oval.

Our whole troop of Indians fell, trembling, on their faces, before this colossal bust, which, our interpreter informed us, was the image of Vishnou himself, whose cave, we beheld, in the fantastic amphitheatre of rocks around us.

The spot was, indeed, a fit habitation for poets to hallow, or render terrible, with the presence of a deity, good, or bad. For my

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part, I should have pronounced the place, more suited to the character of the powers of darkness, so hidieously gloomy was it, and so terrific in appearance; but, whether good or bad, every thing breathed the deity, and brought him to the imagination, far more powerfully, than any artificial sanctuary of worship, possibly, could have done.

Præsentiorem conspicimus Deum

* * * *

Quam si repositus sub trabe citreâ,
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu.

Forcibly, indeed, did we feel the truth of these beautiful lines of Gray—It is in the survey of nature, in the contemplation of her grandeur, her beauties, her terrors, that man, most sensibly, feels the influence of devotion, upon his soul, and becomes most conscious, at once, of his own insignificance, and the greatness of the Supreme Author, the mighty Creator of all things!

* * * *

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Our little guide, now, led us, by a rude flight of natural steps, to the back of the huge slab, which was surmounted by the image of the god, to whom this fearful recess was consecrated, and conducted us, by a somewhat narrow aperture, into a long, dark, and spacious cavern.

At the extremity of this cavern, we were able to perceive, by the aid of the light, afforded by two or three lamps, the figures of four aged persons, three of them women, and one man, (an old Pir, as the religious devotees are termed, in Hindostan,) who, from the muttering kind of chant, which they uttered, I concluded, were occupied in some devotional exercise.

On our entrance, into the cavern, they started up, and demanded, who interrupted their pious exercises, and what might be the object of our presence, in so solitary a retreat?

Marai! exclaimed our little guide, address-

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ing the old man, with a profound reverence, Marai! you recollect the little companion of your devotions? I am he, and am come from the dervish Zachar, to desire an interview, for these strangers, with Hoonah, if, yet, Hoonah be alive.

Ah! thou little run-away, hast thou, at last, found thy way back to the cave of Vishnu, to the sacred retreat of the holy mother! Hoonah is yet alive; but the hours of her life are waxing short; and terrible bodings have, of late, warned her of her approaching end. The fire, on her altars, has burned less bright, and fearful visions, at dusk, amid the rocky abode of the deity, have terrified, and subdued her spirit, Hush! I hear her call. This noise has awakened her, from a slumber, into which she had fallen, or some frightful dream has scared sleep from her eye-lids.

Scarcely had the Pir ceased speaking, when we heard a scream, from within, and a faint

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voice, calling out for help, and which, being followed by a tremulous groan, led us to suspect that the last moments of the person, from whom it proceeded, had already arrived.

The old man, and the three women, accompanied by the little boy, rushed into an inner recess of the cavern, to the entrance of which, we went, to hear what might pass: from seeing what occurred, we were, altogether, prevented, as the passage was not direct, but winding.

We could perceive that the aged inmates of the cavern, had all crowded round the person, whose voice we had heard, giving such assistance as was requisite, and, at the same time, making enquiries after the state, in which she was —

No! no! the same faint voice answered, impatiently, the lingering spirit will not quit me yet. The obstinate spark is not doomed

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to be extinguished yet. The hour of death is not yet—Ha! interrupting herself, by a scream, she cried out, apparently, at the sudden appearance of the little boy, art thou here? Speak then, harbinger of my fate! Say, on what mission, thou hast come hither. But, I can spare thy tale, I know it all. I have been taught it all. Yet, say on, and let me hear the death-word, from thy lips.

The boy informed her of his message, from the dervish, and the interview, required of her, from the persons, whom he had guided to her abode.

Before he had concluded speaking, he was interrupted, by Hoonah, in a tone of horror, which spoke the troubled state of her mind, and indicated that some weight oppressed it, either the effect of guilt, or of fear, or of both.

Bring them before me! she screamed out, bring them, and let me search, in their countenances, the likeness of that vision, with

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which I have been tormented. The hour is come, when all must be fulfilled, and Hoonah's mortal pangs end.

In a few moments, we were introduced, into the inner recess of the cavern. There, the dying woman, reclining on a rude couch, constructed of cane and mat-work, supported in the arms of the Pir, and the three aged companions of his devotions, met our eyes.

She had rallied all her strength, to keep her head as erect, as she was able, and she stretched forward, with an eager, and stedfast gaze, towards the entrance of the recess, when we went in.

The Colonel, having walked first, she, for a moment, fixed her wild, glaring eyes, fraught with the aspect of death, upon his countenance, and, as quickly, turned their glance from his, upon mine.

In a moment, with a look of mingled horror and curiosity, she searched my features, when, suddenly, she uttered a scream, and

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fell back, in the arms of her attendants, with an apparent effort, to mutter some words, which fell, in incoherent syllables, from her quivering, pallid lips.

It was not, for some time, that she recovered herself. When, at last, she became sufficiently composed to speak, she fixed her eyes, calmly, upon my face, and, motioning me, with her hand, to come to her.

Yes, said she, young man, it is no countenance but thine, which has haunted me, for these many months past; and which, dreams, and strange voices, heard, in my disturbed slumbers, have forewarned me, should be present on my death-couch. Yet, I know not why thy countenance should haunt me; or what can be the meaning of the mystery, which seems to attend the idea of thy features. Say, for what, is it that thou art come?

She was then informed, through the medium of the interpreter, what was the subject of

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the Colonel's curiosity, and, that he had been directed to her, as the only person, from whom he might hope to gain any information on it, by the dervish Zachar.

When she understood the nature of the circumstances, of which, an explanation was sought, she, for a while, remained wrapt in a profound state of thought, and mental solicitude; which she, at length, broke, by a hurried exclamation, at the same time, springing upright, with an extraordinary effort, on the couch, from the arms of those, who supported her.

I do, I do remember it! It had long faded, from my recollection! she cried out; but, added she, lowering her tone, the wrath of Vishnu is upon me, and awakens, in my mind, the secret of my guilt, which had been hidden from me. I remember, now, too well, the wicked act, and there, pointing to me, is the testimony of my iniquity. Listen then, to the tale, which you are seeking to know. Draw near!

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On this, she made a sign, to the interpreter, to step close to her. We were all breathless, and waiting, with profound attention, for the words, which should proceed from her lips. The Colonel could scarcely contain the restlessness, or subdue the nervous agitation, which possessed him, and, as for my own feelings, I cannot attempt to describe them.

In a few moments, she broke silence, in the following words:

For a long time, I had been in the habit of practising magic, and the science of spells, charms, and incantations, in the neighbourhood of Bombay; a pursuit, which I, first of all, adopted, to gain a livelihood, from those, who were credulous enough to place faith in the efficacy of my rites; but, which I, afterwards, continued, from having, by long habit, persuaded myself into the idea that they, in truth, possessed real virtue and efficacy, and, as believing them such, I applied myself, with most infernal assiduity and seriousness, to their prosecution.

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The horrid rites, which I was in the custom of celebrating, make me shudder at their bare idea. Amongst others, was one, most dreadful ceremony, which was exercised in the operation of a love-charm: this was no other than a sacrifice of human blood, of immolating infants, upon my accursed altars.

The charm, which was to operate upon the heart of any native, who applied to me, was to be produced, by the sacrifice of a child, of the same, dark colour, and complexion, as the person, on whose account the philtre was to be wrought; and, as there were none, amongst the English settlers of the place, who were so deluded, as to believe in such palpable absurdities, the applications, for my exercises in magic, were, exclusively, made, by Indians.

One day, however, it happened that a young officer, who had little more sense than the ignorant, unenlightened Hindoo, came to the solitary seat of my infernal operations,

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and begged that I would exercise them, in his behalf, to influence the heart of a young lady, the daughter of a general officer, who had received all his addresses, which had been ardent, and unremitting, with indifference and disdain.

Having extorted a handsome present, as the reward of my exertions, in his favour, I desired him not to let his spirits forsake him, for that I would, shortly, render the lady, whom he loved, propitious to his addresses, and compel her to return the ardour of his affection, with an ample, mutual regard.

After he had taken his leave of me, about an hour, I considered, with myself, as to the engagement, I was to perform, that, it would be necessary, in the present instance, to sacrifice an infant, of European complexion; and, accordingly, I set out, in quest of a victim, for the accomplishment of my design. I recollected that, when passing near the residences of the military, in Bombay, I had

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frequently, seen the lady of one of the officers, playing under the veranda, in front of the house, with a little infant. Thither I determined to direct my foot-steps, resolving, in my own mind, that this infant should be the victim, for the rites, which I had pledged myself, to perform.

It was at an hour of the day, when few of the Europeans are ever able to move abroad, on account of the heat, just as the sun was mounting high in his course, and had put forth all his power, that I sallied out, on my guilty expedition.

The house, to which I was about to direct my footsteps, was situated in a recess, with a passage, leading down to it, from the street, and which communicated with the veranda. I passed the house, without being noticed, and perceived the little object of my bloody commission, as usual, playing on the mat, with which the floor of the veranda was covered,

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under the care of a nursery-girl, who was occupied with some needle-work, and did not see me. Delighted at having my victim in sight, I screened myself, behind a projecting corner of the nearest house, and watched an opportunity of carrying it away, in case the girl should happen to leave her charge.

I was not disappointed. The opportunity was, very shortly, afforded me, of carrying my design into execution: and, the girl, having gone into the house for something, I, dexterously, entered the veranda, slipped away, with the child in my arms, and, turning down a little, blind alley, not far from the spot, effectually secured my prize, beyond the chance of discovery.

When I returned to the scene of my horrible incantations, I lost no time in commencing to put my purpose into execution. The fire was kindled on the altar, the apparel was stripped from the tender body of

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the infant, whose cries, made a vain appeal to my heart, for mercy. The knife was held to its throat.....

Power of Heaven! a might, which I could not control, repressed my arm, as it was uplifted to strike; a more than human force restrained its nerves, and paralyzed its energies. The knife dropped from my grasp, my arm fell, nearly lifeless, by my side, a horrid chill over-spread my whole frame, my eyes were, suddenly, opened, and my mind was awakened to a sense of the guilt, which I was about to incur. The remorse, I felt, was irresistible. The odious fire, which I had cherished into a blaze, with so execrable an assiduity, and with so scrupulous an exactness of witchery, and charm, was quenched; and the altar, on which it had been kindled, thrown to the ground; the garments, of which I had stripped the child, were instantly put on it again, and, though I did not dare, for fear of detection, to take it, back

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to the spot, whence I had stolen it, yet I resolved on conveying it to the town, and laying it, in some place, where, I thought, it would be discovered, and, ultimately, restored to its parents, who, of course, I conjectured, would institute a strict search after it.

By the obscurest, and least notorious paths, which I could pursue, I hastened back, with the infant, to the town, and entered it, by a small lane, but little frequented, not very far from the port. I was so terribly alarmed, at the idea of detection, that I determined to put the child down, in the first street, into which, I should come. The street was long and narrow, and, chiefly, inhabited by seafaring men; from its contiguity to the seashore.

The moment, I had deposited my burthen, I stole back, and secreted myself in a dark corner of a vile, little, dirty court, which opened upon the street, to observe if any one should come to take up the child. In a few

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minutes, a sailor, who appeared to be hurrying to go on board a vessel, passed near it, and, looking, hastily, at it, snatched it up, and bore it away, towards the port.

I hope, to Heaven, I exclaimed, that the poor infant may be recovered by its parents, whoever may have found it. No doubt, Providence, which has rescued it, from my guilty knife, will restore it to those, from whom it has been snatched. With this reflection, and thanking Heaven, again and again, for my escape, by a supernatural intervention, from the crime I meditated, I slunk back to my den, determining to destroy all the vile implements of my hateful profession, and abandon, at once, the exercise of such wickedness, and the scene of its operation.

I had once heard, from a hoary and aged seyd, of this solitary, unfrequented, and scarcely known spot, consecrated to the great god Vishnu. I had been informed of its situation, and determined to leave no effort,

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untried, to gain access to it. There, I resolved on dedicating myself to the true worship of the gods of my country, and endeavouring to atone, for my past iniquity, by my future penitence, and devotion. Fully impressed with this idea, I set out, on my expedition, with a sorrowful, and repentant heart, and, praying the forgiveness of Heaven, I consigned myself to its protection, through the perils of the way, which lay before me.

The date of these circumstances was some twenty years ago. I was past sixty, then, by six years, and am now so old, and enfeebled, that nothing, but an unusual effort, would have enabled me to recal, to my recollection, what I have related.

It was, now, the third day of my expedition. The sun was setting, behind the extensive ridge of huge moutains, which run along the back of this spot; when, almost fainting from fatigue and hunger, I sunk, exhausted,

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at the door of a hut, on the borders of the other side of the forest, inhabited by a dervish, the very same old man, by whose direction, you have found your way hither.

Veneration for his holy calling, and confidence in his kindness and mild demeanour, inspired me with courage to disclose, to him, in part, the circumstances, which I have confessed to you, together with the present object of my wanderings, and I ended, by imploring his intercession for me, with Heaven, and his guidance to the spot, whither I was bound.

He shuddered at the narrative of my crimes, though I concealed from him, the last, of which I have made a disclosure to you; but pitied me, and commended my contrition. As to the spot, whither, I was desirous to retire, he told me that he, indeed, knew where it was; but think you, he demanded, you could have sufficient courage to pass your days in so dreadful an abode? You know

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not the terrible things which, I have heard, take place in that region of terror, or the appalling manifestations of the deity, the bare idea of which, has, hitherto, preserved the spot inviolate, from human intercourse. Few, very few, have been hardy enough, even from the impulse of curiosity, to visit the cave of Vishnu.

I told him that my mind had been, long, accustomed to terrors, and that no gloom of situation, no tales of fear, could divert me from fixing my abode, in the retreat, to which, I desired to be directed, and begged that he would lend me his guidance to reach.

It so happened that, the next morning, a large hunting-party passed by the cottage; a favourable opportunity of effecting our purpose, and which we did not suffer to escape. Accordingly, we joined the rear of the troop, as if excited by curiosity, and followed it up the country.

After a long excursion, of two days, we

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arrived at the bank of a rapid river; when the dervish and I, lagging behind the rest of the party, placed ourselves in a little fishing canoe, of which there were many drawn up, along the bank, and proceeded down the stream, which whirled us along its current, with a fearful velocity, for the distance of some miles, when the dervish admonished me that it was dangerous to trust ourselves, any further, on the current, and, with some difficulty, having managed to get our canoe close to the bank, we disembarked, and continued our way by land. Suddenly, arose before us, a huge, and towering bulwark of rocky mountain, the only avenue, through which, was that, where by the river flowed.

At this chasm, we entered into the interior of the region of rock, and witnessed the same scene, which you must have beheld, since this point is the necessary entrance to the cave of Vishnu, by which ever way, approached.

There is, said the dervish, pointing to the

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forest, which skirted one side of the rock, crowning the top of its ridge of dark, umbrageous foliage, there is a nearer way to this spot, from my cottage, through the wood; but one, which it would have been impossible for us to pursue, on account of the swarms of savage beasts, which infest its interior: and, now, behold yourself near that cave, which makes the heart of man sink within him, even to speak of. There, added he, pointing to the side opposite the wood, there, behind this mountain of rock, lies the abode of Vishnu.

As I could perceive no possible access to the cave, I was unable to conceive how it could ever be approached. The same sensations of surprise, which possessed you, in our way hither, before the tremendous spectacle of the cave, at that time, filled my bosom.

But I am dwelling, too long, on circumstances, which have now been recalled, with peculiar force, to my recollection. Suffice

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it to say, my years have been passed, since the period, I, first, reached this spot, in adoration of the great power, which presides over it. With no other companions of my penitence, than the few aged persons, who have joined my retirement, and that little boy, who has been your guide hither, whom the indigence of his parents exposed, near this solitary place, to find death by hunger, or fall a sacrifice to the voracity of the vultures, which haunt the mountain, or the beasts, which prowl around its confines.

My day is spent, my course accomplished. In the gloom of dusk, as I was praying, beneath the base of Vishnu's image, I was startled by a vision, whose face bore an exact likeness to thine own, young man.

This she said, moving her head, slowly, in token that she was addressing herself to me.

Methought, in that vision, that I traced features, which, I could not help thinking, I had seen before. I can now, well, discern that

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it was the idea of the infant's features, the infant, whose tale I have related to you, which played, though with no distinctness, upon my mind's eye. Those features, young man, are thine. Such was thy brow, even in infancy, such the colour of thine eyes.

She paused, and, seeming as if to recollect something, which had, hitherto, escaped her, she said, but there is one sign, which will, make me quite certain that thyself, and that babe, are the same. On this, she bade me stoop, and, raising, with her feeble, trembling hand, the hair of my temples, screamed but, it is, it is the same! I know thee by this mark; I know thine head to be that sacred, infant-head, which these impious hands were, once, raised to pollute.....

Again, she continued: as I was praying, in the same spot, the same vision arrested my attention, and, at night, the night which succeeded that eventful morning, a restless and horrid dream told me, I should die; but

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J. Findlay fecit.

HOONAH'S DEATH.

London. Pub.d January 20. 1826, by J.J. Stockdale, 24, Opera, Colonnade.

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not till I had viewed the living image of the vision.

Again, the dream haunted me, and bade me offer my vows to Vishnu, while yet the face of day was not hidden from my eyes, which, by sun-set, might eternally be veiled from me.

Here, she fell into convulsive paroxysms, uttering the most acute screams, and struggling, as if in the most dreadful agonies. For a moment, she paused, and muttering out the words—

My hour is come—I saw him in the wood—I heard his footsteps near the flood—I felt his presence, ere I saw..... her paroxysms recurred, and she sunk, lifeless, amid agonizing shrieks, which died, in terrific, cadence, on her tongue.

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CHAP. IX.

THE TEMPLE OF VISHNU. HINDOO MYTHOLOGY.

Too vast a dome for human eye to scan,
And e'en scarce to be grasped, in the mind.
OLD PLAY.

.....that far surpassed
The wealth of Ormus and of Ind.—MILTON.

It was a long time, before any of us could summon courage to give our thoughts utterance; after having witnessed so terrible a spectacle. We were all struck dumb, and

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remained, as it were paralyzed and motionless, and, scarcely, daring to draw our breath, from terror and astonishment.

At length, when the intensity of amazement had subsided, and we were, in some measure, restored to composure, each gave a vent to his feelings, by, mutually, interchanging, with his neighbour, expressions of wonder, pity, awe, and solemn reflection.

The Colonel found relief, for the fullness of his heart, by falling on my neck, and bursting into tears; words being denied him, to express his joy, on the one hand, at the object of his enquiry having been attained, and his suspicions, so miraculously confirmed; and his astonishment, on the other, at all the surprising, circumstances, which he had witnessed, with his eyes and ears, in the course of the enquiry, on which he had set out.

The amazement, we experienced, at the bare reflection of the expedition, we had made, and the spot to which it had conducted us,

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were sufficient to overwhelm us, without any additional circumstances to augment its influence. As to me, I appeared, as if I were haunted, by some strange, confounding dream; for the events of which, I was unable to account, and the surprise, arising from them, I could not repel, from my mind.

All the wonders, however, destined to meet our eyes, had not, as yet, been seen, and, if the wonders of nature had hitherto so much astounded us, we were, now, going to experience a no less powerful sensation of wonder, from the contemplation of those, which were the production of art.

The three old women had, by this time, laid, decently, out, upon the couch of mat, the corpse of Hoonah, amidst every demonstration of grief, piercing cries, beating of breasts, and tearing of hair; in which they were joined by the Pir, and our whole troop of Hindoos.

These lamentations, they kept up, for a

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full hour, when my interpreter informed me that they were going to remove the corpse, into the temple of Vishnu, which was an immense, subterraneous hall, where they, ultimately, intended to inter it.

The Indians took up the corpse, from the couch, and walked, slowly, with it, towards the opposite extremity of the apartment, preceded by the Pir, and the three old women, who, all the while, kept up a kind of mournful chaunt; the women, at intervals, beating their breasts, and tearing their hair. Having reached the wall, the Pir, by the aid of a lamp, searched for a small, sliding bolt, by which, a door, communicating with a long, narrow, vaulted passage, was kept closed.

The effect of the cries, and lugubrious chaunt of the old women, as they echoed along this subterraneous passage, was very singular, and wild. When the procession had reached the end of this passage, the Pir, with a huge, brass key, turned back the bolts of two

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massive, folding doors, of the same metal, which, instantaneously, flew open, and disclosed the subterraneous wonders of the temple of Vishnu. In vain, should I attempt to describe the magnificence of the spectacle, which was thus disclosed.

Hewn out of the bowels of the mountain, an immense vault was displayed to us, of one thousand yards, in diameter! The rock, of which its sides were composed, afforded a splendid contrast to that, which we had, hitherto seen. The colour of the stone, of which the outer cave of Vishnu, as well as of the mountain, through which the river ran, was a dark, black, and, in some places, iron-grey; but that, which we now saw, was of the most completely white marble.

There was not a single column, throughout the whole space of the vault, to break the view of the entire rotunda, the roof of which was at so great a height, above our heads, and of such wide dimensions, that its whole

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GRAND HALL OF VISHNU.

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circuit, taken in one view, had the appearance of the wide, comprehensive surface of the arch of heaven itself.

To add to the grandeur of its dimensions, the blaze of light, which shot forth, from all sides, above, around, below, rendered it one, complete body of pure transparent effulgence, which was so dazzling, that, at first, it was impossible to look upon it, for more than a moment.

This was occasioned by a variety of lamps, which stood on pedestals of massive gold. The lamps, themselves, were of crystal, and in the shape of urns. Both lamps and pedestals were of colossal dimensions, and were arranged, in order, all round the circuit of the vault. Twelve, in particular, were of excessive magnitude, and splendour. These were placed, on each side of an enormous colossus, representing the deity, who presided over this marvellous shrine.

This figure was of the prodigious height of,

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two hundred feet! The arms and legs of gold, and the head and body of jasper. On his head, was a crown of flaming gold, ornamented, with precious stones of an enormous size, and of every hue: amethyst, sapphire, ruby, emerald, topaz, all conspired to augment the lustre of the tiara, in which they were placed, with the mingled splendour of their purple, violet, green, and yellow rays. Above them, beamed a clustre of diamonds, emitting a vivid, and lambent stream of light, to a considerable distance round, on every side.

Precious stones also, the greater number of which, were diamonds, encircled the arms, legs, and neck of the statue. These were formed into various emblematic figures, amongst which, that of the lotos was predominant. The reason of this was, because it was the belief of the ancient Hindoos, that Vishnu or Brahma, sprung from the lotos, during the flood.

The circumstances, forming the subject of

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this fable, were beautifully represented, by a sea of fretted silver, which extended around the statue, in a circumference of one hundred yards, in various parts of which, a lotos of diamond and gold, was seen to raise itself. Around the feet of the statue, also, two huge lotos were placed, from which, it was intended that the figure of Vishnu should have the appearance of rising.

In its right hand, the statue grasped a huge serpent, the scales of which were of molten gold, and its head and tail of crystal, with rows of rubies placed, transversely, over it. The eyes, also, were represented by two rubies, of an exceedingly large size. This was intended as an emblem of the destroying power of the deity, while that of his healing, and preserving capacity, was indicated by a branch of olive, made of crystal. with diamond buds, and which was stretched forth, in the other hand.

Round the sea of silver, were placed images

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of the celestial powers of Hindoo mythology, all of which were represented, as bowing down before the figure of the supreme deity, Vishnu. These images were, likewise, of a colossal size, and, like that of Vishnu, were of gold and jasper, with diamond crowns. They were covered, with curious emblems, demonstrative of their different capacities, and various uncouth characters, which the Pir himself was as little able to decypher, or understand, as I was.

The most curious of the whole was the sacred Monkey, which was begotten by the deity Visvacarma, who was the Vulcan of the Hindoo celestial conclave, and the reputed architect of the surprising edifice, which we were, at present, surveying.

The Monkey was, amongst other differences of shape, distinguished from the rest, by a great, curling tail, of green marble, which stretched upwards, to the height of fifty or sixty feet. The most slender par

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of it, was not less than eight inches in diameter.

Besides this figure, and that of Visvacarma, were those of Lashmi or Paravatis, the wife of Vishnu, which was decorated by a beautifully worked silver mantle, flowing behind, in a train of thirty or forty feet; of Caverah, Budha, son of Vishnu, Yama, Rama, Swarmsis, Dhrutarass, Yudishteer, Bheem, Urzoon, Nacool, Scyhader, and others.

Around these figures, as by the side of that of Vishnu, were crystal, globular lamps, on pedestals of jasper, from the centre of each of which, rose, in the spiral, conic shape of a flame, an enormous diamond; so that, although it was impossible that any of these lamps should, from their immense height, be supplied with fire, by which the vault could be irradiated; yet, the moment any light was brought within its precincts, it was instantaneously thrown into a blaze, from the numerous diamonds, and other luminous stones, in

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the lamps, and on the images, which commenced sparkling in every direction, and communicated, momentarily, the provoked effulgence of their lustre, from one to the other, with the effect, and expedition of magic.

Such were the objects of admiration, which the centre of this vault, of more than mortal workmanship, presented. At an interval of three hundred yards, from these, arose another great circle of colossal lamps, like those already mentioned, as decorating the extreme circuit of the vault, as well as those, which stood in the centre.

But, above all, was the appearance of these lamps, in particular, rendered brilliant and magnificent; for, round each of them, played fountains of water, which was spouted up, into the air, by crystal tubes, in the shape of branches, surmounted by stems of flaming jasper, and were hung around with large, circular, and oval rubies and emeralds, having

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the appearance of fruit. The water, as it fell, was received in a kind of troughs of fretted silver, and was carried off, by apertures, through the bottom of the rock. On the boughs, were placed innumerable figures of birds, of the most beautiful colours, in all attitudes of flying. These exceedingly increased the beauty of this singular specimen of art, which was intended, merely, as an embellishment to the temple, as the Pir informed me, and not as emblematic of any thing, unless, indeed, it might represent some of the beauties of Theylas or Paradise, in which supposition, he was, perhaps, supported by some characters, engraved on the trunks of the trees, of a similar description, to those mentioned above.

Last of all, exactly midway between this, and the furthest circuit of lamps, which lined the walls, were placed, at opposite sides of the vault, answering to each other, four specimens of workmanship, of the same colossal

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dimensions as those, which have been already described. The first, was the great emblem of Vishnu, the sun, which was represented by a ponderous globe of rough, and extremely red gold, of a diameter of no less than ten yards!

It was supported, on the heads of four, huge sphinxes, two of green, and two of a reddish marble. The surface of the globe was marked, in three different places, with characters, which the Pir suggested as, probably, indicative of the three different titles, by which the deity, of whom it was an emblem, was invoked, namely, that of Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu. By the first, he was addressed, while the sun was commencing his course, in the east; by the second, when that orb, as Milton says, high noon has gained; and, by the last, when it is setting, in the west.

The remaining object of wonder, was a specimen of that strange idol, the worship of

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which, constituted so important a part of the observances of all ancient religion, namely, the Phallus. This mysterious symbol of the generative principle, was placed beneath a lofty canopy of silver, supported on pillars of gold. It was painted over, with various colours; but, principally, with red ochre, as it appeared, and was formed of solid brass.

The sides of the pillars were covered with symbols of a similar description, together with representations of every kind of animal, bird, beast, and fish, as well as that of the human race, in the process of that grand ordinance of nature, by which every species of living creature is perpetuated.

Directly opposite to each of these subjects of wonder, was a corresponding specimen of art, of precisely the same description: and, round them all, was extended a gigantic circle of lamps, the pedestals of which, were entirely constructed of a blue, transparent substance, raised on a base of gold.

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However inadequately I may have described the wonders of this beautiful, and surprising vault, a faint idea, at least, has been afforded; both of its dimensions, and of the numerous, magnificent objects with which it is decorated, for to convey a description, which should do justice to such a subject, is, I am confident, altogether impossible.

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CHAP. X.

RETURN THROUGH THE FOREST. HISTORY OF THE LITTLE GUIDE. DERVISH'S COTTAGE. REVIVAL OF INTELLECTUAL ENERGY IN HINDOSTAN. SOCIETY IN INDIA, ITS PLEASURES AND ITS PESTS. SORROWFUL CONCLUSION.

Again, where Ganges rolls its golden stream,
Shall bards delight to wake the tuneful theme;
Again, shall science vindicate her reign,
And art shall smile, and lore instruct again.
ANON.

The body of old Hoonah, having been placed on a bier, near the entrance of the

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vault, we returned, slowly, through the passage, and the apartments of the cave, which she had occupied, and, once more, found ourselves, in the open light of day.

The Colonel, now, gave a full vent to his joy, at having, at length, been enabled to address me, confidently, as his nephew, as the long sought son of his lamented sister.

It was, now, full time for us to think of returning to the cottage of the dervish. Accordingly, we summoned our Indians, and, taking leave of the venerable Pir, and his sisters, in devotion, we proceeded on, amid the same appalling scenes, which we had already witnessed. The sensations of astonishment and delight, which I had felt, in contemplating the artificial wonders of the subterraneous temple, however strong they might have been, were not, nearly, so powerful, as those of the awe and terror in my breast, at the sight of the wild, terrific aspect of nature, in the cave of Vishnu.

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Having reached the outlet, through the rock, into the wood, we found our elephant, in the place, where we had left him, attached, by a rope, to the trunk of a tree, grazing, quietly, on the grass, among the trees, or regaling himself on the young sprouts of shrubs, and such branches of a plane, as were within his reach.

I looked back, for a moment, on the romantic beauties of the chasm, the crags of the rock, and the rapid waters of the river, with its numerous cascades, rising one above another, in long succession, to a distance, which the eye was unable to reach.

In passing along the stream, we alarmed a herd of jackalls, which had come down, to slake their thirst, close by the little island, under one of the water-falls. They, instantly, decamped, precipitately climbing over the rock, with a yell, which vibrated to the very heart of the mountain.

We effected our passage, safely, through

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the wood, without any adventure, except being, now and then, pelted with cocoa-nuts, by the monkeys, in token of their rage at our insolent intrusion.

It occurred to me, now, to enquire, through our interpreter, concerning the little boy, who had been our guide: how it was that he came to be so well acquainted with the intricacies of this wild and savage forest. We were informed that he had been in the constant habit of attending hunting parties, in the wood, with his father, who had lived a rude and savage life, near its precincts, at no very great distance from the spot, where the dervish dwelt, by which means, he had become so conversant with its recesses. His father, he added, having become tired of a spot, to which he had been long accustomed, determined on leaving it, and removing his place of residence higher up the country; but, thinking he should find his boy an inconvenience, to him, in the journey, he took him

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out, in a boat, one evening, down the river, on pretence of a fishing expedition, and, leaving him amongst the rocks of the chasm, through which we had passed, went away, up the river again, telling him, he was gone to fetch a net, which he had dropped out of the canoe, at some few yards distance; but, really, with an intent of abandoning him altogether. The boy, after waiting a long time, and looking up the stream, for his unnatural parent, in vain, began to cry, and make loud lamentations; when, shortly, attracted by the voice of his cries, he was found by old Hoonah, and the Pir, who took him, with them, through the subterraneous passage, into their cavern. Here he lived, for some months, and assisted in their devotions, till, becoming tired of a life, which he felt insipid, after having been bred up to pursue the wild sports of the field, he watched an opportunity of making his escape, and joined a party of hunters, in the wood, by which he managed to effect his

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return to the spot, where his father had lived; but, no longer finding any trace of him there, he repaired to the cottage of the dervish, with whom he had lived ever since.

At the dervish's cottage, we, at length, arrived, and, having dismounted from our elephant, we, again, entered the habitation of the good old man, who, kindly, made us accept a shelter for the night, since it was much too late to think of pursuing our way homeward.

He placed, before us, fresh cocoa-nuts, rice, fish, broiled in the sun, grapes, oranges, dates, and many exquisite fruits, which these regions afford; and, during our repast, he entertained us with a curious account of the doctrines of the ancient Hindoo religion, illustrating the figures, which we related to him as having seen, in the subterraneous temple, with many stories, and mythological records. Amongst other things, we learnt from him, that the date, which saw the birth

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of the wonders we had contemplated, must have been, at least, two thousand years before the commencement of our Christian era: a period when the countries of Egypt and Hindostan monopolized the knowledge of all arts and sciences, and the exercise of all religious mysteries.

Alas! added he, how different is the order of things now! These countries, which, once, were a light to all the rest of the world, and, from whose sources, all nations of the earth drew sparks, to irradiate their own darkness, are now sunk in gloom, and obscured in ignorance, while others boast of the lore, which was originally drawn from them, and exult in a brilliancy, which is not their own. The day may still arrive when science shall again lift up her head, in these neglected climes, which she has so long forsaken. The efforts of that great countryman* of yours, have not

* Sir William Jones.—Ed.

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been without their effects, in animating the natives to attempt reviving the forgotten reputation of their ancestors. In many parts of India, where, before his exertions, in behalf of the cause of learning, in Hindostan, ignorance prevailed, it has been, in a great measure, dispelled. A new vigour has been infused into the energies of the dervishes, and teachers of the people, and, from them, many of the poorest and most obscure of the natives, have caught the honest contagion, and have been inspired with a spirit of improvement. Even now, have they instituted assemblies, amongst themselves, for debating questions, relative to their own interests, which they are enabled to discuss, with a degree of reason, and display of information, which could no where have been found, before Jones had awakened them to the sense of what they once had been, and had roused them to shake off their lethargy, and endeavour to

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trace the example, held out to them, by their ancestors.

I fear the day is far, far distant, before the countries of the Indus can hold up their heads again. The overthrow of our glories, as a nation, in the fall of Aurungzebe, the last great monarch, of which we can boast, the depopulations of the Persian usurper, over Nadir, and the subsequent mastery, obtained over us, by the European settlers in the country, are all obstacles to our recovery, which we can scarcely ever hope to see surmounted.

This effusion, the old man ended, with a sigh, and sorrowful shake of his head, in confirmation of the desponding sentiments, which he had expressed. These melancholy reflections, we endeavoured to divert, by questioning him concerning the literature of the east, and, particularly, that of Persia. He entered, very largely, into a discussion on the

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nature of Arabic and Persian letters, and, particularly, that of the poetry of those nations; in the course of which, he dwelt much on the beauties of Hafiz, the favourite bard of Sir William Jones, with the other renowned bards of Shiraz, Ferdusi, and Saadi; on which subject, he was warmed into an enthusiasm, which he indulged to the utmost, in reciting the finest passages, from these illustrious, Persian poets, not seeming to recollect, that the beauties, which he was himself, enjoying, were, altogether, hidden from us; for these, he could not do otherwise than deliver in the original, although his conversation, with us, hitherto, had been carried on in English. Seeming, at last, to recollect that we could not participate in the sublime, and beautiful rhapsodies, with which he was delighting himself, he bridled his tongue, in the middle of one of his most favourite flights of Ferdusi, and apologized to us, for his

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absence of mind, which we were very willing to pardon.

For my part, I declare, I never spent so pleasant and instructive an evening, in my life, as I did, in the company of this venerable, old dervish, and I could, with pleasure, have devoted a month, in listening to his narratives, on the lore, language, and religion of the eastern nations. As this, however, was impossible, I could only regret that my enjoyment, of his society, was, necessarily, so limited.

The next morning, we took our leave, with many expressions of thankfulness, and acknowledgments for the hospitality, with which we had been entertained; nor did I turn from the cottage of the good, old man, without a deep feeling of regret, that I was never to see him again.

When we had returned to Bombay, the Colonel dispatched letters to England, to my

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quondam parents, by a ship, which was just about to sail, relating all the circumstances, which had passed, since we had been in India, as an addition to a letter, from myself, accounting for my absence, and making excuses for any alarm, which might have been occasioned, by my sudden disappearance; and mentioning, that our return, home, would take place, in a very short time.

Independently of the annoyance of the extreme heat, the time, spent, in our Indian settlements, passed pleasantly enough. The gaieties of society flow in one perpetual and undiminishedstream. Every night summonses one to partake the festivities of some grand dinner, or ball. Pleasure, festivity, merriment, and luxury, are the order of the day, or, rather, of the night; for, nothing can be done, during the day. It is even unsafe to take a stroll, or stir out, except at the periods, previous to the hour, at which, the sun is up, or after it is down.

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Amongst other things, which interested me, during my stay here, was the satisfaction of witnessing Miss Dorothea Spotless, at a ball, dancing with an old officer, in the Company's service, who had one eye and one leg; that, which had been lost, having been well supplied, by a leg of cork. The grace of the gentleman's appearance, and the military dignity of his carriage, were not at all deteriorated. I had the further satisfaction of hearing that these interesting parties took each other, for better or for worse, before the altar of the Lord, not much more than a week after I had had the pleasure of seeing them mingle together, in the mazes of the dance. The Irishman too, I believe, accomplished the purpose of marrying his blowsy-cheeked daughters, when, having got a good riddance of these fair creatures, he went on board the first ship, bound homeward, impatient to revisit his boys, in the vicinity of Cork.

In fact, every thing, here, in the animal,

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no less than in the vegetable creation, proceeds, to use the expression of the late Lord Londonderry, on a vivifying and fructifying principle. These words, by the bye, excited the merriment and sarcasm of the honourable member, for Winchelsea.

The very trees may be seen to grow up, around one's habitation, the absorption is so great; every puddle is stocked with fish; every fish is full of roe; and all the eggs, of which the roe is constituted, would not equal the number of infants, which are ushered into the world, European and native!

The beauties of the country, heightened by the novelty of its feature, afford quite a paradise to the view of an European. The aromatic shrubs, the exquisite variety, and fragrance of fruits and flowers, the richness of the verdure, whether beheld in the waving luxuriant fields of rice, and corn, in the plantations of sugar cane, or in the intermingled foliage of the arika, the banyan, the

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bread-fruit, the pomegranate, the plane, the sycamore, the cocoa-nut, and a thousand other rich and beautiful trees, bending with fruit or foliage, together with the golden splendour of the heavens around, and the bright, luminous effulgence of the atmosphere, afford a scene of perfect enchantment, and delight.

Then, on the other hand, are the evils o this clime of beauty and luxuriance, the impossibility of sleeping, without the apprehension of some snake, under one's bed, or, perhaps, under one's pillow; the satisfaction of having the hair gnawed from one's head, in the night, by the musk-rats; or, of rising the next morning, with a great, long scar, across one's face, occasioned by a centipede having traversed it: not to mention the torture, endured by the bites, from head to foot, of the musquitos, which swarm the air, in such throngs, as, nearly, to prevent the

power of breathing, without being choked by them.

These, together with bugs, beetles, cock-chafers, adders, scorpions, and a thousand other venomous reptiles, form perpetual causes of apprehension, dread, and torment, to those, who take up their residence in this hot climate; the heat of which, is, of itself, alone, a sufficient source of dread and destruction, without the addition of any other inconveniences, to augment the grievance.

The diseases, of which Europeans have chiefly to complain, are the opthalmia, the liver, and the cholera morbus, which are daily exerting their influence to kill our young writers, as soon as they have placed their foot on the Indian strand, to make room for new comers, and to afford a provision, with equal effect, for them, as for their predecessors!

But, alas! I must turn from the fate of these, to deplore that of one, to whom I had

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become, in gratitude, most tenderly, and faithfully attached. My dear, dear, little Jessica fell a victim to the last mentioned of those accursed pests of this region, and lef me, for some time, quite inconsolable, on account of her loss.

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CHAP. XI.

DISASTERS.

.....Manibus date lilia plenis;
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.—VIRG.

All human affections and feelings, are liable to quick transitions, and rapid are the vicissitudes, as some poet or other has it, I forget who,

From joy to woe, from happiness to grief.

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As I happened to be walking, by the sea-shore, thinking of poor Jessica, the sky became, on a sudden, obscure, the wind violent and loud, and the sea agitated. In a short time, the storm, which had been approaching, came on, with the most tremendous vehemence.

I hastened up, from the shore, to get under shelter, before I should be wetted through, by the rain, which was about to fall, in torrents, and with the greatest force, as it was driven along by the wind; when I was, suddenly, arrested by the sound of a gun, proceeding from a ship, in distress. I turned round, to listen, and I heard another gun: and now, on looking across the water, I perceived a vessel, in the distance, beaten about by the storm, and which I had not, before, noticed.

The signal of distress was, instantly, obeyed, and numbers of boats were sent out, at great risk, owing to the boisterous violence

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of the waves, to endeavour to rescue the crew, from the danger in which they were placed.

I had, as I thought, the satisfaction of perceiving that the boats reached the ship, in sufficient time to preserve the whole crew; and just as the last boat was receiving its load, the vessel foundered, and was no more perceptible.

Maugre the rain, which was drenching me to the skin, I determined to wait, and see whom the boats might bring to shore. With great difficulty, they effected a landing. One of them was, for a long time, unable to resist the force of the waves, and was driven back, to a considerable distance, when it had approached close to the shore. It was, ultimately, dashed upon the beach, by a tremendous surge. The violence of the shock was so great, that many of the persons were precipitated from the boat, upon the beach, where they were extended, perfectly senseless.

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As a great crowd had collected, on the rumour of a ship, in distress, there were not wanting persons, who ran to their assistance. Amongst the rest, I was willing to afford my services, and hastened to the rescue of a female, whose life appeared to have left her, from the violence of the concussion, with which she had been thrown from the boat. Her face was bruised, so much, that her features were, scarcely, distinguishable, and the blood, which issued from her lips, made me fearful that she had sustained some internal wound, which, perhaps, might render her recovery, hopeless.

I lost no time in conveying her to my lodging, and, instantly, sent for medical assistance. For some days, she was in a state of delirium: her bruises, however, had much decreased, and her features now resumed the beauty, which was natural to them. I hung over them, with anxious, and tender assiduity. I thought, I recollected having

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seen them before. I examined them again and again. I could not be mistaken; they were the features of my lovely Parisienne, of her, whom I had long despaired of ever meeting more, of Adelle!

My anxiety, and solicitude, on this discovery, increased. All the tenderness, I had, long since, felt for her, awakened, with a tenfold vehemence. My restlessness and misery at the apprehension of her being carried away from me, just as I had recovered her, rendered me, nearly, distracted. In a few days, to my great happiness, the physicians pronounced her out of danger, and she appeared to be gaining her health, rapidly. My joy, at her preservation, knew no bounds, and the grief, which had weighed on my heart, for the loss of Jessica, was completely dissipated by the delight, I now experienced, in having found Adelle.

Adelle was, at length, comparatively, restored to strength, and, again, had the pos

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motion of her faculties. Her first words were expressive of the gratitude, she felt, for those, to whose care she was indebted for her preservation.

I lost no time in presenting myself before her. My impatience to see her, and hear the tone of her voice, was irresistible. She was as much startled, at the recollection of my features, as I had been at the sight of her's. Our recognition was attended, with a tenderness and delight, as warm as it was mutual. When the effects of the first feelings of astonishment had subsided,

Alas! she exclaimed, the joy, which I may, pardonably, feel, at thus, again, unexpectedly, seeing you, is doomed to fade from my heart, and be absorbed in the bitterness, which I must experience, for the loss of another.

Indeed! Is it so? I remarked. And must, then, the happiness, which I had just held

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within my grasp, be, so soon, snatched from me, and my heart be clouded with the gloom, from which it had but just emerged! I am doomed, it seems, to be the sport of a malignant fortune, which takes pleasure in deluding me with a prospect of joy, only to tantalize me by withdrawing it, as soon as it has been proffered! But I am, unconsciously, dwelling on the theme of my own griefs, when I should rather be enquiring that of your's.

Adelle, then, proceeded to unfold the cause of her unhappiness and regret; in the course of which recital, she gave me an account of herself, from the time I had last seen her; from which it appeared—but the story shall be given in her own words.

After my departure from Paris, for the south of France, on the compulsion of the cross, old tyrant, whose harshness you have, before, heard me deplore, I lived, for some weeks, in total solitude, immured in a

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gloomy, old castle, situated on the western bank of the Rhone, amidst a mountainous, and dreary country.

At length, a young nobleman, whose estate was contiguous to that of my husband, or rather, I should call him my gaoler, happening, one day, to ride beneath the walls of the castle, espied me, sitting at the window, under which he was passing. Our eyes met, simultaneously, and he seemed to read, in mine, the story of my sufferings, and beamed, on me, a look of pity, which seemed to convey an assurance that he would not leave my wretchedness unalleviated.

In this suspicion, I was not mistaken. The young man was not, wholly, unacquainted with my husband, whose churlish and jealous disposition he must have perceived, and was enabled, tolerably well, to guess the secret of my wan, dejected looks.

That very evening, he gained entrance, into the castle, on pretence of paying a visit

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to its proprietor, and, by means of a somewhat ample bribe, also, found access to my presence.

The love, with which he was inspired, for me, was very great, and his disgust and indignation, at the conduct of my tyrant, towards me, and the desire, he had, of possessing me himself, determined him in the resolution of getting rid of the obstacle to his wishes, by the first, and most expeditious means, which suggested themselves.

In a few days, the castle was thrown into a state of confusion, by the circumstance of the indisposition of my husband. The physicians expressed their opinion that he had been foully dealt with, and the symptoms, which his person displayed, were those, of one, who had suffered from the effects of poison. It was impossible to decide, on whom, suspicion might fall. Meanwhile, the statement of the physicians was laid before the police, and the officers of justice com-

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menced a scrutiny, amongst all persons, who had been in habits of intercourse, with the castle.

There was no knowing where suspicion might not, in the end, fall. The alarm, of the Count, was excited, as well as my own. By a communication, in writing, we agreed to place ourselves beyond the reach of the interference of justice, and to elude its vigilance, by an instant, and hasty flight.

According to our resolve, that very same night saw us hastening to cross the Pyrenees, for the purpose of embarking, from the first port in Spain, to some quarters where we should be removed from the possibility of danger. To sail from Marseilles, or any neighbouring port, in France, we thought would, perhaps, be dangerous, as, on the news of our flight, those places would be the first, to which, the enquiries of justice would be directed.

We succeeded in getting, safely, on board,

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with all the treasure, which we had secured, and were making, before a brisk wind, for Lisbon, when an Algerine corsair bore down upon us, forced us to lower our sails, boarded us, and, having transferred our crew into their own vessel, securely pinioned, and bound, carried off us, and our ship, as a prize, to the shore of Africa.

The Captain was a brutal, stout, black-visaged fellow, and retained me, in his own cabin, as food for the gratification of his filthy, and abominable lust; and, because I resisted his revolting intentions, he struck me down, senseless, with a blow on the head, and, while in that state, subjected me to his disgusting passions.

On reaching the Algerine strand, I, and the Count, with the rest of the captured crew, were to have been disposed of, as slaves; but, by offering an exorbitant price, we effected our deliverance.

No time was to be lost, in extricating our-

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selves from the danger, which surrounded us, in this execrable region; and we took the immediate opportunity of escapiug from it, by embarking on board a Turkish vessel, which was now weighing anchor, to set sail for Constantinople.

New dangers awaited us, when we had arrived at the centre of Islamism; for, the Count, having, incautiously, set his foot on the threshold of the mosque of St. Sophia, he had great difficulty to escape being, instantly, sacrificed to the blind fury of the janisaries, by flying with me, on horseback, from the city, and joining a caravan of merchants, who were setting out for Persia.

We found the Persians an exceedingly pleasant people, and were quite at home amongst them, as their vivacity and gaiety completely corresponds with that, which characterizes the disposition of my own nation; while, on the other hand, the phlegmatic demeanour of the Turks, disgusted us,

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beyond measure; and put us in mind of that, which marks the nation, at the north of your's, the Scotch, aye, and of the English too, in many instances; but we were not destined to take up our abode, with this people, long; for the Count, having, one evening, declined taking any salt, with the meat on his plate, at supper, offence was instantly conceived, and, in spite of all explanations, and apologies, the hatred of a whole family was excited against him. So ardent was the desire of revenge, amongst those, whom he had, unintentionally, insulted, that, unless he had, instantly, found means of decamping, both of us would have been assassinated.

In our flight, from the quarters, which we were, thus, driven to abandon, we fell into the hands of a horde of Arabs, who seized on us, and rode off, to deliver us, into the hands of their Captain.

The Captain was a good-natured man, and of a generous disposition, and, independently

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of an air of fierceness, which he had acquired, from the perpetual habit of awing into obedience, his herd of marauding ruffians, was of kind, and, indeed, affable manners. Robbery, however, was his profession; and, though he did not demand our lives, as some, in his situation would, perhaps, have done, yet he could not suffer us to escape, without drawing from us more than half our remaining property.

By his instructions, we obtained an escort, to Bagdad, whence we embarked, on board a merchant-vessel, bound for Calcutta, which we reached, with a prosperous passage.

In this place, it appears, no one has the power of remaining, without a licence from a certain, authoritative body of English, who appear to control every thing, in these parts of the world, as they think fit; (aye, that narrow-minded, vulgar body of tea-dealers, in Leadenhall Street, I ejaculated, to myself,) so, away, we were sent, to find footing else-

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where. The next place, at which, we touched, was Madras; from which, also, we were driven, by a similar authority. Shut out, likewise, from this refuge, we came to the resolution of settling at the Cape of Good Hope; for, to return to Europe, we considered, might be dangerous; and, therefore, we resolved on passing the rest of our existence, in climes, where we might live free from apprehension.

Here begins the bitter part of our story; far more cruel than all the dangers, to which, we had been subjected, since our flight from France. As we were making for the port of Bombay, to take in provisions, and fresh water, a dreadful storm came on, which our ship, which, it appears, stood in need of some repairs, was unable to withstand. We, shortly, found that she had sprung a leak. No time was lost in making known our distress, by firing guns, and our summons was answered, more readily than we could have

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been warranted in expecting, considering the difficulty of getting boats out to sea, in such violent weather.

At length, the assistance, which had been sent out to us, arrived. The ship was, fast, getting under water, and all the crew had, now, been disposed of, in the boats, except myself, the Count, and two others. The boat, to which we looked for preservation, would not contain a greater number than ten, besides the rowers. I was among the last persons, put into it. The Count, in exerting himself, for my safety, had forgotten his own. It was impossible that the boat would hold more. If any additional weight had been put in to it, every soul, it contained, must have perished. The ship, all this while, was fast sinking. In a moment, it fell over, and sunk, engulphing, with it, the kind, the beloved, the affectionate protector of.....

Adelle was so much overcome, that she was unable to proceed any further, with her

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narrative, which, when she had regained her composure, she ended by saying, that, since that moment of agony, she had been sensible of nothing, except having swooned, on the sinking of the ship, from which period, to the present, all had been gloom, and darkness to her.

I related, to her, the state, in which I had found her, and the danger she had been in, for some days; and I, sincerely, condoled with her, in her distress, for the loss of one, who, so justly, merited her affections.

On her enquiring how it happened that she should meet me, in a region, so distant from my own country, I related to her the circumstance of my voyage from England, and the marvellous train of adventures, I had experienced, since my arrival, in India. The story of my grief, at the loss of Jessica, was not forgotten, and we, mutually, spmpathized, with each other, in the causes of our regret. Indeed, the grief, which I experienced, though

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it had been, for a time, dissipated by the joy, I felt, at the unexpected sight of another object, which had been dear to me, was yet very sincere; and that of Adelle, though like me, she had been beguiled of it, for a moment, preyed, so deeply, on her spirits, that I was fearful, the little strength she had required, would be lost again, beyond the power of repair.

My prognostications were not without reason. An extreme languor, aggravated by the oppressive heat of the climate, reduced whatever strength she had left, to its very lowest ebb: besides this, the internal bruise she had received, had never been entirely healed, and produced a small discharge of blood, which, now and then took place, from her mouth. By degrees, she waned rapidly, and more rapidly, till, at last, all power of existence was absorbed in an exhaustion, which no efforts could relieve, no remedies dispel.

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Like Eurydice, she faded from between my arms, just as I had recovered her to them. My sorrows flowed, in one stream, for her and for Jessica: my regrets were divided between the memory of each; and one faithful, but humble monument, recorded, how tenderly I had loved them both!

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CHAP. XII.

PROGRESS OF THE HINDOOS, IN CIVILIZATION. A SUTTEE*. A HINDOO PARLIAMENT.

Religio peperit scelerosa.—LUCRET.

Troth, 'twould electrify you quite,
To hear the seniors, all intent,
With words, to parry, thrust, and fight,
In hot debate, and argument.—ANON.

I had now been at Bombay, about a month or five weeks; and, as the object of the

* A woman determined to preserve herself

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Colonel's voyage had been accomplished, and the necessity of my return to Oxford was urgent, I agreed, with him, to depart instantly, by a ship, which was ready to sail for England.

Before I quit the subject of India, I must mention one or two things, which attracted my notice, at the time I witnessed them. The first was the power, which superstition has, in influencing human actions, and the absurdities, and madness, which it, uniformly, drives men to commit.

The truth of this remark, can, in no instance, be more strongly evinced, than in that of the sacrifice, which the Hindoo women are accustomed to make of themselves, upon the funeral pile, which consumes the corpses of their husbands.

chaste. By the sacrifice, of which the chapter speaks, the Brahmins get fees, and the parents, the money of the deceased. It is, therefore, a ceremony, encouraged, on sordid and interested motives, more than on religious scruples.

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Of an exhibition of this sort, I was myself a witness. A woman, with her hair dishevelled, and her whole frame, except in a few places, totally denuded, was accompanied by a train of female attendants, singing and shouting, on all sides of her, to inspire her with confidence, in the trial, she was about to encounter. The woman, herself, appeared to have little need of these excitements of her fortitude; but, with an assured air, and a firm, unwavering step, walked up to the pile, which was heaped around the body of her husband.

From the moment when the flames were being kindled, at the bottom of the pile, to the period, at which they gained sufficient strength to begin consuming the body, the widow joined, with her companions, in their shouts and songs; and, at last, uttering a wild cry, as if of exultation, she sprung from

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amongst them, and threw herself in the middle of the fire*.

Not a scream, not a shriek, indicative of pain, bespoke the dreadful sufferings, to which this female must have subjected herself. The last sound, which issued from the pile, was the continued note of the same cry of enthusiasm, which she had raised, previously to her immolation.

A more surprising instance of misplaced, and misguided fortitude, I should imagine, it was scarcely possible to mention. The deceased was an elderly man, in the capacity

* This exhibition is called by the natives a temasa, i. e. a show or sight. The shouts of the spectators are called hurribal, an invocation of Hurri or Vishnu, one of the Hindoo triad. Previous to throwing herself on the pile, the woman bathes, and, sometimes, decorates her hair with flowers, and smears herself over with turmeric.—Ed.

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of a vender of wares, about the country: the woman herself was a fine young, and handsome person.

I turned with indignation, pity, and disgust, from this, singular and terrific piece of absurdity, angrily exclaiming against the sacrifice, I had witnessed.

Shame! shame! I exclaimed, that a handsome, young, healthy female, should undergo the torture of being burned to death, for the sake of an ugly, old, yellow-faced, tallow-visaged, greasy, Hindoo pedlar!

* * * *

Such a sight, I thought, did little justice to the hopes, which the dervish had expressed, that the population of the natives had become more civilized, and enlightened. Let us see if I discovered any further foundation, for his hopes.

The next thing, which I shall notice, was an assembly of natives, met together, to con-

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sult on some, apparently, important question: in fact, a Hindoo parliament.

The members were seated on mats, and squatted down, with their legs tucked under them, chewing betel-nut. The chief persons, present, who were also leaders of the debate, were, the Moonshee, Dumdum; the Faquir, Pudgkin budgee; the Vakeel, Fangamusti; the Pundit, Bungalopungalo; the Brahmin, Humbifoozi; the Seyd, Dumbimoozi; the Pir, Higlumpiglum; and the Hadgee, Toodledifoodledi.

Having given the names of the most prominent speakers, I shall submit a statement of their arguments, and, being fearful that their point might be lost in translation, I present them, in the original Hindostanee, presuming, of course, that many of my readers are conversant with that beautiful, animated, and musical language.

Vishnoo looni tarna sarna marna, loogi

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soodasarna, rougi bougi tougi, sassafrasarna! commenced Foodedifoodledi, in a highly eloquent strain; to which he was replied with equal animation by the Brahmin Humbifoozi.

Bhaheeratithee! Bhageeratithee! pataneepootra neelakant, ratatheemoona toona soona, foona, doona, loona goona!

Tallipoona! echoed Higlum-piglum, with indignation.

Boogepoogee! answered Dumbimoozi.

Gogi tringpotumoo duumbeboosee gungelarthee! continued Bunghlopungalo, in a wary, low tone, and with a cautious manner.

Moozilikafnee tona, tong, roucaskee didledumbouza, said Tungamusti, shaking his head, as if expressing a doubt.

Dhoorjatee janjavee saraswatee, ganatee thariz tharavatee! observed Dumdum, with vehement symptoms of concern.

Lumbum fumbum sumbum mumbum! rejoined the Faquir Pudgkinbudgee.

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Here all parties seemed, so entirely overwhelmed with concern, and so bewildered. with the intensity of interest, which the subject had excited, that a dead silence pervaded the whole assembly, for some minutes.

This silence was, at length, broken, by a most spirited, and eloquent harangue, from the Pundit, Bungalo-pungalo, with which, the debate was closed, conviction having been obtained, from all parties, the arguments of the learned Pundit being totally, and entirely unanswerable.

Arapousatama dangdigaroon geemouthee! he began, dangdobbledum lousifousee! Dumgum mounatapoo taleparma riglum piglum, piggo figlum siglum niglum jiglum!

Veenakarnha chookararnha hooki-snooki, bumpoo, beega veega? Too! too! too! calitootootoo!

Sigaboomha, bumfum, touzicoulee touziloulee, saraboopoore, talipatnama fadgee? Humlum.

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Salisos-ipot teloeelah gloufudgkin balba-drusah, animohfoglam, tinktofflehou, mouri-dizadathee, holligoloomah tanbotharsee geefoo munggrudjin toousbousa!

Singsolibochs, seusageenah mufftituffu, poligradgikoos, doudou; dumfeedloo meeli-thumpha halivoushi dunhogiloore.

He then ended with an animated apos-rophe, in the following words.

Huggimumphah teeboolibat baddad ballo-sooree; doadledoohee dooledomhee, daodoo, poohodgkin, mouvrahathee rooda moopobdum drahathee dooda moopobdum, haspee dooda moopobdum, theedooda moopobdum, dooda moopobdum, damoopobdum, moopobdum, pobdum, dum!

These words were received with an enthu-siastic burst of applause, and the honourable, and learned gentleman, was cheered, loudly, and continuedly, for a considerable time.

Not, myself, understanding the language, I was, of course, very anxious to know what

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was the subject, which could have given rise to so warm, and eloquent a debate; when I was informed, with a shake of the head, no less important than Burleigh's, in the Critic, by one of the members, who was perfectly conversant with the English language, a little, grave, fat, greasy Hindoo, like the pedlar before mentioned, that the subject which had come before the assembly, that day, was one of, perhaps, the greatest importance, they had ever treated: no less than, whether a curry of green, or ring-tailed monkeys, served up, with elephant-hoof sauce, was, or was not a greater delicacy, than the rump of a long-armed ape, stewed in paddy*, and garnished with flitches of the fried pizzle of a buffalo?

This, no doubt, was a very plausible cause of debate, and quite a sufficient reason for all the ingenuity and eloquence, which had been

* Rice.

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exerted upon it, if we are allowed to judge of it, according to the principle that there is no one thing, to use the words of Dr. Johnson, on which a man thinks so seriously, as his dinner.

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CHAP. XIII.

RETURN TO ENGLAND. DISCUSSION. STATE OF THE NATION.

The land we live in.—An Old Toast.

It was natural that I should feel some regret, at parting from the shores of India, which, I had been made certain, was my native land. It was not, however, so great, as to outweigh, in the balance of my affections, the delight I felt, at being again, in sight of the cliffs of Albion; and it was, with

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an unfeigned, and real exultation, that I contemplated their haughty, daring aspect, frowning, in defiance, over the deep, and carrying, on their front, an indication of the national strength, and prowess of the people, of whose territory, they formed the land-boundary. They look as if they would create a panic, in any, who should dare to invade them, and, to speak physically, in the eloquence of their majestic, threatening nature, the same language, which, morally, has struck the world as so grand, in the words, addressed by Marius, to the ruffian, hired to assassinate him, and, which caused the dagger to fall from his hand,

Tune, homo, audes occidere Caium Marium?

Further, in approaching these cliffs, to what a nation do we approach! How great, in arms, and in arts, in military, and in civil reputation! How rich in its resources, moral

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and physical! How wealthy its sons! How extended its influence, over the world, to the most distant quarters! How strong in national love! How ornamented by the beauty of its women! How aggrandized, by the talent of its men! Who does not exult, in bearing the name of an Englishman?

To witness our improvements, observed the Captain, in every department, moral and physical, is quite surprising. Look at the beauty of our new roads, the embellishments of our metropolis, by its new buildings, its spacious areas and streets, and its gas lamps; at the operations of steam, and the facility of intercourse, which it affords, between our own and the opposite shores, by which, the French and English are daily growing more and more united. Look, again, at the education of the lower orders of the people, the various tracts, which are distributed in every direction, by that powerful engine, the press, and diffuse knowledge, at the cheap rate of a

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few pence, through all the mechanics and artisans of the country*.

Are we not pre-eminent in arts as in arms? Who can vie with Lawrence, as a portrait-painter, or with Chantry, or Flaxman, and his pupil, Bayly, as sculptors. In what country are the fine arts and literature more patronized than in England? What monarch is more liberal in his promotion of them, than George the fourth?

Aye, Captain, continued a cheerful-looking, ruddy-faced, corpulent, old John Bull, and is not England the land of liberty too? Is not the slave free, the moment he has placed his foot on English ground? And has not

* At the head of this piece of improvement is Mr. Brougham; but this subject admits of discussion, pro and con. See an article in Blackwood upon it, 1825, No. 100. To Mr. Peel is the country particularly indebted for the reformation, he is making, in many legal abuses.—Ed.

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England been the advocate of freedom, in the abolition, as far as itself is concerned, of a trade, as inhuman as it was illiberal? Does not the country enjoy as much liberty, as is consistent, on the one hand, with the safety of the constitution; and, on the other, with the dignity of the crown? The right of petition, the Habeas Corpus, and the Insolvent Acts, do they not all afford us a theme for exultation?

In reply to this warm-hearted rhapsody, a sour, discontented-looking gentleman growled out,

Land of liberty, do you call it? For my part, I can't help thinking, with Bonaparte, that the English are no more a free people, than any other nation. Are we not subjected to the slavery of an extended and galling taxation, and to an invidious supervision of our very dwellings*? What man is to call

* The sour gentleman must allude to the

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himself free, who is not at liberty to keep a horse, or a dog, or a vehicle, on account of the restraint of a heavy tax? Who is not permitted to afford his rooms sufficient light, because he is subject, if he does so, to pay a fine, which he cannot, perhaps, afford? Does he not feel the chain cling to him, at every barrier, on the high road, where he is compelled to submit to the insolence of a turnpike-man, or, at any rate, to an impediment to his progress?*

There must be taxation, to a certain extent, every body knows; but one should think it might be levied in a less degrading manner, than, in some instances, it is; and one should, also, think that its curtailment could be attended

window tax here; but that is, in some instances, and ought to be in all, for the sake of health, removed.—Ed.

* The time will, no doubt, arrive, when this inconvenience will be remedied: the subject has, already, been, much, agitated.—Ed.

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with no great inconvenience to the government. At any rate, however this may be, as long as it lasts, it is a slavery; and puts a veto on the possibility of calling England, a land of liberty. Nor is that abominable hardship and disgrace to the country, impressment, yet abolished.

In time, all his majesty's subjects will be admitted to an equality of rights.

England is far from having an undisputed claim to the title of the land of liberty. No, no, never talk to me of a land of liberty, as long as there are such chains upon us, as the infinite, invidious duties of excise, and such an extended scale of assessed taxes.

Here, he was interrupted by the ruddy-faced, good-tempered, bacon-cheeked gentleman.

Well, Sir! but the heavy taxation you complain of, will not last for ever. Consider, we are but just recovering from a long, and exhausting war, and time must be given us,

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before we can feel ourselves entirely recruited from its effects. I think, as circumstances are, we have very little to complain of, and are very ungrateful, if we are discontented. Ought we not to be satisfied that, in so short a time, so much reduction of taxes has, already, taken place; and, if it is the case, that even, in so short a time, such reduction has been made, may we not, confidently, look forward to be, at last, wholly relieved from it, as far as it is possible that we should?

I think Englishmen have every reason for exultation, on account of their condition; what prosperity do they contemplate, in their commerce, in their agriculture, in their manufactures!

What riches are merchants, farmers, and traders, of all descriptions, accumulating! The old story of agricultural distress is never heard of now, nor depressed landed interest. Country gentlemen can show themselves, in

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town, with decent coats, covered with knap, and a trim, new hat, whereas, a few years ago, they were obliged to submit to thread bare surtouts, extremely old, and greasy leather breeches, vinegar-topped boots, and a silk hat, completely worn out, at its edges, and as brown as a quaker's petticoat!

Pshaw! answered the grum gentleman, the knight of the sorrowful countenance, phsaw! I say, look at our d——d population, and our poor's rates! What parish is there that is not ready to sink beneath the load of expenses, with which, it is charged, by its superabundant population?

Why, Sir, rejoined his good-humoured antagonist, it is impossible to be free, from some evil or other, and, therefore, of two evils, to be sustained, we should be willing not to quarrel at being charged with the least. Surely, it is better for a country to be at peace, though a considerable expense is entailed on it, by an increase of population,

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at that tranquil season, than that its resources should be drained, by a long and harassing war, and its public and private safety endangered. It is, totally, impossible, to arrive at a state, unattended with some evil, and, as such is the case, we ought to congratulate ourselves on being permitted to put up with the least.

As for taxation, with which, you quarrel so much, it will, as I said before, be reduced, in time, as far as it can, consistently with the exigencies of government, and the necessary assistance, which a great nation, as the English is, should contribute, and gladly too, for the support of its own welfare and independence, in the scale of nations, of which it is now the head. England can never consider that a tribute, such as this, for the support of her own interest, can abridge her claim, to the title of a land of liberty. By all means, as to poor's rates, or taxation, or any thing else, let her endeavour to make what

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wholesome reform she can; but let her not, wilfully, shut her eyes to the consciousness of her own prosperity. No, no, the prosperity of the country is too conspicuous to be denied, and what I had, hitherto, forgotten, the liberty of the press, of which, De Lolme speaks as the greatest test of liberty, which any people can produce, places England in the possession of a vast and inestimable privilege, of which, no other nation, in the world, can be sensible.

Humph! ejaculated he of the sour physiognomy; and, ramming one hand into his breeches-pocket, and thrusting the other into his bosom, he dropped his lower jaw, and sat still, chewing the cud of discontent.

Aye, aye, Sir, said the Captain, addressing the advocate for content, with the present order of things, you're right, quite right, in every thing, you have said; and, as it is true that, in all human concerns, some evil mingles, think it ought to be a cause of the greatest

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self-congratulation, to the English, that they possess so little of it, and are entirely free from the numerous, outrageous evils, with which we see other countries infested.

Such, you mean, as being burnt by a slow fire, por l'amor de Dios, on the sentence of a holy inquisitor, replied the John Bull.

Aye, or being strangled, very quietly, by a bow string, rejoined the Captain, as in Turkey.

Or undergoing emasculation for the improvement of the voice, observed the lieutenant, in recitative.

Or being liable to lose one's head, or be buried in a dungeon, for life, by the authority of his imperial majesty, of Russia, or Austria, without being informed why or wherefore, again observed Johnny.

Or to witness the strangulation or decollation of one's whole family, from one's grand mother, down to one's grandson, (the great

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grandmother being mercifully spared, by the emperor's clemency) for daring to look upon the divine countenance of the high, and mighty, and celestial cousin german of the moon! added I.

Or to receive a polite invitation, to the Bastile, for going from one market town, to another, without a passport, remarked some one else.

Or to be forced to forswear beef and mutton, like the Gangarides! ejaculated the John Bull, with a groan, e profundis, from the recesses of his portly paunch.

Or what's worse, said I, have it dressed for dinner, under the sweaty posteriors of a stinking Hottentot.

Or be subject to the degradation of manhood, without a beard, like the Iroquois! screamed out a rather pretty, middle-aged widow.

Or be unable to stir out of doors, without

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the apprehension of being torn to pieces by wild beasts, said a peaceful, heavy-looking merchant.

Ireland, hinny, is the best for that, observed an Hibernian, we've not a even a toad, or a vinimous riptile there.

Or labour under the delusion that opium is a luxury, said the ship-surgeon.

Or labour at the gallies, added the lieutenant.

Or swallow yava like the Otaheitans, observed the Captain.

Or train-oil, like the Russian boors, or raw bear's tripe, suggested the merchant, like the Esquimaux.

Or believe that human excrement, added I, is good for the soul, as they would have mankind to think, in Thibet.

Or.....I forget what else.

* * * *

* * * *

Thus, in every clime, is mankind subjected

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to evils of less or greater import. It requires not the authority of the sage, who indited Rasselas, to produce, in us, a conviction that human life is no where capable of entire, some will say, of any happiness. Can we find, in our hearts, to agree with Voltaire's Pangloss, que tout est bien, tout va bien, tout va le mieux qu'il soit possible* ? Some, may satisfy themselves that we may.

* Candide.—Ed.

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CHAP. XIV.

RETURN TO OXFORD. CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

Say, would'st rather become parson?
Or does it please thy fancy best,
To prate in court, object, protest,
On trespass, larceny, rape, or arson?

OLD SONG.

The moment we had set foot on terra firma, at Deal, my uncle and I set off, in all haste, for the residence of my dear friends, who had, so long, supplied to me, the place of parents:

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and, in a few days, they heard from me, vivâ voce, a repetition of the strange circumstances of my departure from England, and the subsequent events, in which I had been implicated, as my letters had duly apprised them. This duty being over, I hastened to make my reappearance, at the university, and was, in no slight degree, impatient to see my college-friends again.

In passing through the town, on my way from Deal, I took the opportunity of indulging my regret, by viewing the residence, which my poor Jessica had deserted, to follow me. What a dream did the whole incidents, of the last year, appear to me, as I stood by the very corner, near which, twelve months before, I had been hurried away, by the impulse of Providence, to the performance of, as far as concerns myself, so eventful a part. I stood, with my eyes fixed upon the spot, completely bewildered. From this

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state of reverie, I was awakened by the recurrence alone, of that regret, which the associations, attached to the place, elicited.

I also, communicated, by letter, to the old usurer, the decease of his daughter, with such consolation, as, I thought, a Jew would be willing to receive from a Christian. I dreaded an interview with him, as I shuddered at the contemplation of witnessing the struggles, and pangs of a father's feelings, whilst contemplating the seducer of his daughter. I trembled at the idea of his groans, his agony of soul, his rising indignation, repressed by his pity, and shame, and all the bitterness of vain regret. I wept, at the bare idea of the tears, which I might accuse myself, as having caused. The thought of such a scene, displayed it, to my mind, as the most heart-breaking, and painful, in nature. I had not the fortitude to witness such an aggravation of suffering.

But, I must ask myself, was I deserving

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self-reproach, on this score? Was it my fault that the unhappy girl followed me? Did I persuade her to leave her father's roof? No! then I must acquit myself of having been the cause of a parent's woe, which I so dreaded to behold. Still, as he would think otherwise, I was unable to bear the idea of an interview.

All these circumstances of exculpation, I fully, entered into, in the letter, which I sent him.

I sent, him, also, which, some might say, perhaps, to an usurer, might be some alleviation, the debt, which I owed him.

Heaven forbid, I should consider that the interest of the usurer, could ever prevail over the feelings of a parent. Some men would laugh, perhaps, at the thought of exculpation and excuse, where the feelings of such obscure vermin, as usurers, and all who are not in any higher station of life, are concerned. I cannot say, although such indifference is,

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I admit, beyond measure, well-bred, that I am capable of equal insensibility.

* * *

Behold me, once more, at Oxford. The first thing, which I did, on getting from the top of the coach, at the Star, was to hasten to Wills's rooms, at——College. I found him sealing a letter, of which, he told me the contents a short time after. Our pleasure, at seeing each other again, was unfeigned.

Where, in the name of Heaven, have you been all this time? exclaimed he. I fully made up my mind that you were dead, and had long, ere this, been sold by the resurrection men, and had contributed your precious person, to stock the larder of Surgeon's Hall.

I laughed at his calculations of my fate, and proceeded to give him a detail of all which had befallen me, since my sudden disappearance, on our dispersion, from the Cyder Cellar, by the watch. Some things, however, I did not, now I recollect, inform him.

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Whatever I might have concealed from him, has been fully opened to the reader.

He was, as it may be supposed, overwhelmed by surprise, at such a narrative which had not sooner been rendered on my part, than I begged he would let me hear a little of himself, and what had become of Frank.

You may imagine, said he, that, on losing you, so completely, our alarm was excessive. We could glean not the slightest trace of you. I believe there was some story, about a man being missed; but no sufficient description was given to make us certain that it referred to you. Frank thought you had been murdered, and I conceived you had probably reeled down to the Thames, and tumbled in. In fact, your course did, as it appears, lie in that direction. We did not, in short, know what to think. Resurrection men might, or might not have made away with you; or you might have been smuggled, by the company

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of wax-chandlers, to make spermaceti; or, a thousand other things, equally revolting, might have befallen you. So, being unable to learn how you had been disposed of, we sincerely lamented your fate, and condoled, with each other, for your loss.

Notwithstanding, continued he, laughing, Frank's spirits did not forsake him, and, by the aid of restoratives, he managed to summon up sufficient courage to see his female friends, and pay visits, with them, to the Fountain, the Brunswick, the Saloon, the Bear Garden, the——

And you followed his example, I dare say, I interrupted,

Why—ha! ha! ha! answered Wills, why, at any rate, no visits were paid to the Cyder Cellar. That spot would have occasioned too strong sensations——

Here we both burst out a laughing together. At length, I begged him to quit the chapter of sentiment, and tell me what had become of

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Frank, and whether he had managed to pass his examination yet, or not.

O yes, said Wills, Frank passed to perfection. He made one or two trivial blunders, to he sure, as making a mistake, between the angel Gabriel, and Gabriel, the waiter at the Angel; not being quite certain who was the father of Zebedee's children; or how many commandments there were in the decalogue; but nothing, very particular, and, altogether, he got off with flying colours. He is now a gentleman at large, that is to say, having a handsome competency, he does what he pleases, or is perfectly idle. He, occasionally, visits Oxford, to see some pretty milliner, of his acquaintance, and London, on expeditions of a similar description. At present, I believe, he is gone, by way of a lark, across the water, to Paris.

Here is a letter, I received from him, the other day. He says that he is thinking of making the grand tour of Europe; and

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proposes setting off to Lyons, crossing the Alps, visiting Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, and I don't know how many other places. In his way back, he thinks of loitering, in Switzerland, for a short time, and passing a month or two, in the Netherlands, after which, he thinks it not impossible, he may take unto himself a wife, turn steady, get put into the commission of the peace, and occupy himself, with his domestic concerns, peaceably and respectably, for the remainder of his life, faithful to his duties of father and husband.

Very laudable resolution, indeed, I answered, laughing. I thought, after all, Frank would turn out a steady member of society. But let me hear something about yourself!

O! I have scarcely any thing to tell you, replied Wills, yawning. I have passed my examination, which is a good thing over, and have taken my degree, and am now keeping

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my master's term. That letter, which you saw me sealing, when you came in, was stating my determination as to a profession.

Ah! And what has been your choice? I asked.

Bad enough, perhaps you will say; but bad was the best, and I had no alternative, replied Wills. So, at present, I am sentenced to hard labour, for life, in Lincoln's Inn. Ecce signum, added he, pointing to Blackstone, which was lying open, at the first page of the introduction, on the side-table.

Well, I give you joy of your choice, said I, though, to be sure, the chances, against rising, in such a crowded profession, as the law, are ten to one, and——

O Lord! yes! exclaimed he, interrupting me. I know all that; but there was no other profession, which I could follow, except that of the church, of which, I did not relish the idea.

And why? I enquired. It is a nice, lazy

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profession, and just suits such an idle fellow as you are.

Yes, yes, delightfully idle, no doubt; answered Wills, but I cannot wrong my conscience, so much, as to undertake the discharge of sacred duties, with the spirit of which, my habits of life, and inclinations, are at variance. A man, who does not feel that his thoughts, words, and actions, strictly conform to the purity, which ought to be an essential, in the clerical character, is not justified, in my opinion, in his assumption of it. Human nature, I am aware, is too frail to admit of perfection; but it can be brought to a certain pitch of purity, which, it is very seldom encouraged to attain. I should, I know, be accused, by many, of too much delicacy. Perhaps, they may be right; but no one is able to control his own feelings, as to many things, of which others judge differently; and, I repeat, I can believe no man to be fitted for the capacity of a gospel-

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preacher, or justified in taking a charge of so important a nature upon himself, who does not feel that he is capable of acting up to that, which he proposes exhorting others to pursue: unless he can summon fortitude enough to shun temporalities, to abjure sensualities, to abandon worldliness, he is acting the part of a hypocrite before the world, his own conscience, and God.

How satisfactory it is then, I observed, to contemplate the excellence of the generality of our clergy!

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CHAP. XV.

BUILDING-MANIA, IN OXFORD, WITH SUNDRY OTHER MATTERS.

And now, as closer we approach,
I roused myself from my long nap,
Thrusting my head out of the coach,
To gaze, and scrutinize, and gape.
I thought, indeed, my journey undone,
And felt myself, again, near London;
Again, methought I heard Bow Bell,
Or viewed the walls of Camberwell

ANON.

Since I had, last, been at Oxford, considerable changes had taken place, in its

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environs. I found a new town had sprung up, under its walls, called Somers Town, erected, on a very liberal scale, with seminaries for young ladies, amongst other things, with a view, I concluded, that Oxford, in time, might become no less renowned for the education of the female, than for the male part of the juvenile community of the country: or, it might be with a view to afford young gentlemen, the society of young ladies, for the purpose of their acquiring a polished manner, by an intercourse with the softer sex:

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros—

and, we know how much the society, and conversation of the Roman ladies, was courted, and honoured, by Cicero, as promoting refine-

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ment, elegance of diction, and affability of manner*.

All improvements are gradual, and, it is to be regretted that the university-members had not experienced the benefit of this, which has been mentioned, at an earlier period; however, now they have been blessed with it, let them make the best of

The goods, the gods provide them.

Make the best of a bad job, some stern don will, probably, say, with surmises, on the subject, which have not entered the brain of him who congratulates the university, on so valuable an acquisition.

Notwithstanding the improvements, in the quarter of Somers Town, have so justly elicited praise, the same sentiments cannot be

* On this see Postcript to Harrriette Wilson's Memoirs, Vol. 4. p. 288—Ed.

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expressed, concerning the innovations, which have been made, upon the ancient feature of the entrance to Oxford, from the Wycombe Road.

A more abominable display of cockneyism, and vulgarity, never disgraced the appearance of any town. If pastry-cooks, who have made fortunes, by running up long accounts, for desserts, at wine parties, by a system of cheating, for a quarter of a century, wish to enjoy their otium cum dignitade, in retirement, let them retire to the dunghills, on which they were spawned, throughout the country, and not pollute the magnificent entrances to the most beautiful of cities in the kingdom, by blocking them up, with paltry lath and plaister-buildings, arrayed in the loathsome cockneyism of Gothic windows, and sphinxes, which make the stranger fancy himself, transported to Hammersmith, or Kensington, or any other trumpery places, in

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the suburbs of the metropolis, made up of Agnes Villas, and Terraces, Caroline Rows, Waterloo Parades, &c.

How admirably, to be sure, do such specimens of gingerbread architecture, not inappropriate to the dwellings of pastry-cooks, conform with the monastic grandeur, and the solemnity of the turrets of Magdalen, which, so nobly, meet the eye, on the approach to Oxford, from beyond the elegant bridge over the Charwell, or, with the dome of the Radcliffe, or of Tom-gate, visible above the heads of the majestic avenue of elms, which ornament Christ-church Walk!

Why do not the authorities of the university, if they take any pride in maintaining, inviolate, the beauties of these seats, sacred to the muses, use their influence, in checking the growing pollutions, by which they are disgraced?

The only alternative of effecting such a

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prevention, will be, perhaps, of purchasing the ground, on which, these pollutions are accumulating. Does this consideration make them pause in so liberal a measure? A measure, which would reflect honour, on the university, while it preserved, unimpaired, the sacred grandeur of the mœnia Aluredensia.

As for funds, let no one object an inadequacy in that respect. The senior fellows of Magdalen, wallow in riches. People are afraid to say how much they are worth. Could they not, in common with the rest of their academical brethren, with very little inconvenience to themselves, contribute, to prevent the nuisance, which is here deprecated? With no inconvenience at all, one should imagine, or with one, which would be very willingly, and cheerfully borne, by the true spirit of liberality, which ought to actuate them, in such an instance.

Where is Doctor Tatham, all this while?

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Was it not the head of Lincoln, who, some years ago, published a projected work of improvements, for the embellishment of the seat of the university? At any rate, if no decorations were the result of his Rhedycina Purgata, or Oxonium Purgatum, I forget which, yet let him, if no one else will come forward, to resist the growth of disgusting blemishes, on the features of those beauties which he, at least, if no one else, I repeat, in the university does, views with no common interest.

The worthy doctor will answer, All my brother dons would say of me, as a student of my own college, once, said, A fig for Doctor Tatham, if I ventured to bestir myself, in the cause. Can this be true? If it is, proh pudor!

There is one improvement contemplated, which deserves to be noticed with the highest encomium: it is laying open, to the street, by which Oxford is entered, from Woodstock,

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the front of Worcester College*, and the demolition of the filthy, old houses, at the back of the schools, and the erection of the new building of Magdalen Hall, on their site.

Apropos of these old buildings, there is a hard-working, honest, old dame, lives at the corner, who accommodates—but, no, I will say nothing about it.

> Whether she does, or no,
> That's not for you to know,

as the song says, so let that matter pass.

Besides these improvements, there are some moral improvements, of no small importance, in contemplation, one of which, is said to be the permission of the young fellows of New College, to become candidates for honours, in the examinations, previous to degrees, from

* Since this was written, that improvement has been completed.—Ed.

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which they have long complained of being excluded. Improvements, also, are projected, in the system of the examinations themselves*; but this is a subject, on which, no one will thank me for dwelling.

If such a subject is to be discussed at all, let the discussion take place, during a dinner, at New College. No one need be ennuyé with any subject, however uninteresting or insipid it might be, while he was regaled with so good a specimen of college-fare, as will greet him on the board of the society of New College; and then, there is that good-humoured, chattering fellow, L——L—— who will talk amusingly, on any subject, however dry; and there is H——too, and numbers of clever, merry fellows besides, in

* Some alteration has, I fancy, taken place, in the system, within no very great length of time—Ed.

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whose company, we are often sensible that the evening passes away too quickly.

Shall Christ-church, and Merton, and All-Souls be forgotten? What an enviable acquisition is a fellowship at the two latter! A canonry, at the first, is something too exalted to be spoken of, in an humble production, like the present! Of the two last-mentioned places, what charming, gentlemanly retirements are they! It is difficult to say which of them is preferable; and if the last of the two wins us, with its imposing solemnity, and respectability, we are scarcely less charmed, with the extreme prettiness, privacy and quiet, which characterizes the former.

As for Oriel, it is an amazingly good school, and takes the lead, on the score of literary notoriety, of all the collegiate institutions of the university. Next to Oriel, Brazenose and Exeter, claim a place; the latter, a respectful follower in the train of

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Oriel. As for the remaining colleges, in the university, there is no more to be said of one than of another, excepting, merely, that the external appearance of some, is more eligible than that of the rest: for instance, the university, Queen's and St. John's. The first and the last of these three colleges have, ever since their foundation, retained the same character, which they, at present, hold; but the second, how has it fallen from its high estate, for so many years!

Till the erection of Christ-church, under the auspices of Wolsey, Queen's was the leading college of the day, and has, long, been compelled to vindicate the decayed honours of its name, by a reference to the bright galaxy of royalty and nobility, which, at one peeiod, shone, with such a lustre, within its walls.

To return to my friend Wills, after leaving his rooms, we each procured a hack at Seckham's, and rode over, to see the remains

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of the Roman villa, at North Leigh. Wills, because he discovered that the woman, who showed the ruins, was French, stuck to her, with such hirudine pertinacity, that I thought we should have never have got away from the spot. As the day was very hot, we carried on the conversation, with our show-woman, on the steps of one of the baths, which, by the bye, are of such a depth, that, unless the heels are raised up to the hams, in ascending them, the fracture of one's shin-bones is unavoidable.

We talked, chiefly, I recollect, our thirst calling us to the subject, about Normandy cyder, comparing it with that of Devonshire*. The woman, stoutly, maintained, that the sour beverage of Normandy, was better than our sweet drench, which we, as stoutly,

* Cyder, in its pure state, is rough and not sweet; but what, pure, will suit a London palate, which is accustomed to have every thing adulterated?—Ed.

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objected to; and, as one thing leads to another, from the comparison between the English and French cyder, we proceeded to that of English and French females, and, from that, my friend Wills proceeded to suggest something else to the woman, when he, suddenly, found himself precipitated, head-foremost, down the steps of the bath, on which we were sitting, by the husband of the object of his addresses, a sour-looking, scar-visaged soldier, bearing, on his breast, a Waterloo-medal, who happened to come up, to the bath, just at that time, and, observing Mr. Wills's earnest manner, augured no good, from it, to his social comfort and respectability, and, accordingly, thought proper to display his sentiments, on the subject, in the manner described. For this piece of impudence, his Waterloo-laurels did not protect him, from the chastisement which it deserved; but cost him a good thrashing, not only from Wills,

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but from his French rib, into the bargain, accompanied, from that quarter, with an invitation to my friend, to come and talk to her, as much as he liked, whenever he liked, and about whatever he liked.

In our way home, we turned off to Woodstock, and dined at my favourite retreat, the Bear. The next day, we went down the water, in a boat, on an excursion, together with five or six other men, who had provided themselves, with a four-oar, to Newnham. The weather was delightful, and we had a charming jollification in one of the various, little bowers, or summer-houses, which the noble proprietor of the place, some years ago, caused to be erected, for the accommodation of the Oxonians, when they should chance to pay his place a visit. We loitered away the whole day, in strolling about the grounds, and making ourselves merry, over the hock, and cold chicken, of which our repast con-

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sisted. It was not, till eight o'clock, in the evening, that we handled our oars to row back to Oxford.

We had not gone very far, up the river, when we heard a tremendous splashing laughing, singing, and shouting, behind us.

A drunken party, I fancy, this must be, said one of the men in the four-oar, at whose stern, Wills and I kept close, in our skiff, for society's sake.

Yes, said Wills, and they look, very much, as if they were inclined to tumble over-board. I never saw fellows so drunk before. G—d! what a noise they make!

Bravo! look at their steersman, said Hesk, one of the crew of the four-oar. There, I thought so, he has run them aground already.

Upon my word we must stop, said I, and give them some assistance. They will never be able to get their boat off the bank. Don't you see, too, it is wedged in, between that

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willow-stump, and the rail, which runs over the bank?

While I was making this remark, the drunken party were all tugging, some one way, and some another, and endeavouring to force their boat, which was an eight-oar, each of them, in a contrary direction from the other. The steersman, who was the least inebriated of them all, and he was so dizzy-brained, that he could hardly make use of his legs, seizing upon an oar, and pushing, with all his might, from the bank, effected, at length, the extrication of the boat; but it burst, from the bank, with so violent, and sudden a jerk, that four of the crew were jolted, neck and heels, over-board, and, so intolerably overcome with intoxication, were they, that, shocking to relate, two of them sunk to the bottom, without any consciousness of the state, in which they were. The efforts, which they had been, so boisterously, making, to get their boat off the bank, had

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aggravated their drunkenness, to such a degree, as to leave them, totally, without the slightest sense or perception of any thing about them. The remaining two were, with the greatest difficulty, saved by Wills, Hesk, another man, and myself. These were not so dead drunk as the other two.

As this catastrophe occasioned a considerable delay, time was given to the remainder of the inebriate party to return, a little, to their senses; and they were urgent about getting back to their colleges that night: but it was, now, late, and they were not, nearly, arrived at a sufficient state of sobriety, to manage the business of rowing themselves safely back; so our party determined not to let them go on, but made them all return to a cottage, near the place where their unfortunate carousal had taken place, and where they passed the night, and came away the next morning.

Since this melancholy event took place,

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the odious and filthy habit of drinking to excess, has become less prevalent in the social circles of the university. Conviviality is conducted now, thank Heaven, with more rationality, and with as much hilarity, though with more decorum than before*. In a short time, to hear of a gentleman, being drunk, will be as rare an occurrence, it is to be hoped, in the university, as in the world!

* One of the colleges has always been accused of tea-drinking, instead of wine-drinking; but, to the Editor's certain knowledge, there have been some wine-drinkers there, within the last

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CHAP. XVI.

A LAST VIEW OF THE PLACES ROUND OXFORD.

Beloved in vain!—GRAY.

The next two, or three days were occupied, by Wills and me, in scouring the country, round Oxford, by way of taking leave, as it was not likely that we should ride over it again, either as partaking in the chace, or for the mere sake of a lark*, to kill time.

* At the time this work was written, this piece of slang was more in use among Oxonians

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We, first, rode, by Bicester, in the vicinity of which, we had, many and many a time, joined the hounds: not old M——'s of M—— Hall, the fat banker, or brewer, or both.

While in this part of the country, we took an opportunity of visiting the memorable field of Edge Hill, and thence put up at the White Lion, at Banbury, where we had the delectable company of the inn-keeper's daughters. Nothing improper: the girls are very good girls, I can bear witness!

The next morning, we visited Wroxton, the seat of the Earl of Guildford, in the vicinity of Banbury; and then mounted horse and scampered off, to visit the grandeur of Stowe, a short distance to the north of Buckingham. A more villainously, flat, dreary, uninteresting country, never existed,

than it now is, and from being, once, considered quite the thing, is, now, deemed uncommonly low.—Ed.

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then all the upper part of Buckinghamshire, to which the woods of Stowe form a fine contrast.* From Stowe, we rode to Aylesbury, and so, across the country to Thame, a place,

* Here, as at Blenheim, the visitor is struck with the meanness of being compelled to pay the servants of an opulent and proud duke! I am not sure, whether Stowe, like Blenheim, must be exhibited; but visitors are now, from a recent, innovatory regulation, not permitted to inspect the house, until two o'clock, no trifling disappointment to those who go early, like my informant, for the purpose of continuing their tour, betimes. Another circumstance should, also, be noticed. On arriving at a certain part of the grounds, the showman apprises his company that the grotto is a separate concern, a different property, and is the subject of an extra charge, the duchess having, charitably, given its proceeds to an old servant. Thus her Grace's charity becomes a rent-charge on the public! Yet the Duke of Buckingham's concentrated property is one of the finest in England. The Cobham, the Nugent, the Buckingham, the Chandos all combined in one person! Still his faithful servants quartered on the public?—Ed.

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gloomy enough, to invite a man, with pleasure, to hang himself. We took leave of this, at as early an hour, as we could, the next morning, and rode on to the London Road, on which we emerged, at a few miles from Oxford. In our way thither, we turned aside, to take a last look at the village, in which, it is said, Milton, for some time, resided. Its name has escaped from my memory.

Before we rode into Oxford, we lingered to look at that curious little specimen of Saxon architecture, the church at Iffley; after which, we finished the day, by riding across to see the grounds of Lord Abingdon, and the site of Cumnor House. I ought to mention that we did not procure admission to the grounds of his lordship's place. To be sure as they are not particularly worth seeing, we lost nothing, Heaven knows. His lordship, they say, is musical; the tone of his refusals of admission, to any one who asks to see his

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place, are certainly not so, as they are conveyed, by his porter*, at the lodge.

The whole of the next day was consumed in riding over Blenheim Park, and looking, again, at the paintings, which decorate the walls of the house, and our favourite Titian gallery.

Wills, on the following morning, attended the cricket ground, on Bullingdon Common; so I was left by myself, to lounge about the town. My morning was, meritoriously, spent, at my private tutor's, my evening, meretriciously, in the vicinity of Paradise Gardens. No! no! no such thing! This was, merely, said for the sake of indulging in that powerful figure of rhetoric, antithesis; which must, necessarily, always be made use of, in speak-

* Carolan, when in a like predicament, struck up,

What a pity, hell's gates were not kept by O'Flynn,
So surly a dog would let nobody in.—Ed.

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ing of the engagements of a gown's-man's day, Sundays not excepted, as the Irishman said: exempli gratiâ,

In the morning, a sermon at St. Mary's; in the evening, an appointment at Carfax, and so on. My evening, I believe, was spent, in lounging at the magazine of an old, prating, good-humoured sort of fellow, who sells a variety of conundrums, in the shape of china, or old crockery, pictures, or old dusty stuff, stuff, pots, pans, prints, flints, coins, fans, coffee-pots, tea-pots, mustard-pots, spitting-pots, chamber-pots, scent and sentiment, tea and entertainment, books and bohea, food, both for body and mind.

Wills proposed a jaunt, to Eborington, in a buggy, the next day; after which, we dined with a club, to which we both belonged. I forget which it was; for we belonged to two or three. I recollect it was neither a pigeon-shooting club, nor a bull-baiting club.

After dinner, we went down the river, to see a boat-race; an event, which excites no

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small degree of interest, not only in the members of the university, but in the good folks, also, of the town, the ladies of which, form a beautiful fringe, to the bank of the Isis, which they adorn with their presence.

Here one may see, collected, all the milliners, and confectioners' daughters, nursery-maids, chamber-maids, dairy-maids, and house-maids; all the tradesmen's wives, widows, and spinsters, ugly and pretty, old and young, of the place. This evening they were all thrown into the shade, and were obliged to

Hide their diminished rays,

by a female constellation, which appeared amongst them: not, a lady of the town, but of the university, celebrated in the recollections of all, who pretend to any acquaintance with Oxford. She was elegantly attired, in a blue riding-habit; her ringlets flowing, from beneath a hat, by which those captivating tresses were surmounted. She put me, so, in mind of the description of the goddess, in the

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first Æneid, that I cannot forbear submitting the passage,

> Rosea cervice refulsit,
> Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
> Spiravere: pedes vestis defluxit adimos;
> Et vera incessu patuit dea.

No wonder then, that I called her a constellation, amongst the female train.

> Velut, inter ignes
> Luna minores.

Amongst other friends, assembled, to witness the boat-race, I met one of, by far, the most agreeable persons in Oxford. I do not speak of any of the characters of the university, not of Peter* E——, nor Dr. T——, nor the Reverend Mr. M——, nor yet of Demetriades, the little, dirty, modern Greek, nor Dodd, the satellite of the inquisitors of proficiency in the Literæ Humaniores; but no I will not say of whom.

* Since this was written, the person alluded to has died, as much respected and regretted as any one who ever resided in Oxford —Ed.

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CHAP. XVII.

THE COMMEMORATION. LIONIZING.

Expectata dies aderat.—Ed.

As I was sitting, at breakfast, in my lodging, for I had given up my rooms, in college, a letter was brought me, from my uncle, informing me that it was his intention to pay Oxford a visit, during the period of the commemoration, which was to be graced by the presence of my lovely cousin.

I was delighted, beyond measure, at the

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thought of having to show Laura the various objects of curiosity, which the place contains; and, anxiously, did I look down the road, by which she was to enter the town, when the morning fixed, for her arrival, was at hand.

The time came: the carriages and four, rattled into the town: every inn was a scene of bustle; every lodging-house was full; every hall, quadrangle, chapel, and cloister, of every college, was thronged with spectators, and relaxed from their frown of monastic solemnity, at the presence of beauty and fashion.

Oxford now, for once in the year, assumes an appearance of gaiety, and its monotonous, gloomy placidity is agreeably disturbed; which cannot possibly be effected, without the introduction of forms, less heavy and austere than those of the heads of houses, within its walls; and garbs of a gayer hue than that of the academic gown.

My sensations, at setting out, with Laura,

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on our lionizing expedition, with her arm locked in my own, were, beyond measure, happy. I gave her to know, at the outset, that every thing, she was going to see, came under the denomination of lions, and, as there was a reciprocity in the term, which referred to the object witnessed, and the person witnessing, she was, further, given to know, that she was nothing more nor less than a lioness.

As every one is acquainted with the usual routine of lionizing, from one extremity of Oxford to the other, from Magdalen College, to Friar Bacon's arch, it would be both idle, and uninteresting, to dwell upon the subject. A few, only, of the best lions, shall be mentioned, one of which, unless it is dead, will be fouud in college, remarkable for its beauty of appearance, and the power of voice, which it displays, in the theatre. The next, is, that exquisite, little morçeau, the portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the Bodleian gallery: and another, the celebrated

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Butcher's Shop, by Annibal Caracci, in the library of Christ-church. St. John's College garden should never be forgotten, and, as for the remaining lions, worth speaking of, I refer the reader back, to the characters mentioned, at the end of the last chapter. Yes, one more must be added; the dimensions of the mighty Tom, the university curfew, should be inspected: yet another, Dr. Johnson's rooms, at Pembroke, not forgetting the little library, at Trinity, in which he, some years afterwards, occasionally studied, together with his friend Warton's rooms, and Kettle Hall, at which he lodged.

The historical recollections, to which a survey of Oxford gives rise, are as infinite, as they are impressive, whether they carry us back to the era, when science first dawned upon the spot, in obedience to the encouragement, which the greatest, perhaps, of England's kings, from the time of Egbert, held out to it, in laying the foundations of

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that magnificence, to which, in after ages, the university has arrived, or whether they refer to the introduction of Justinian, by the monks, in the twelfth century, and the consequent disputations, on that event, or to the sacred convocation, by which, the cause of the Reformation, in England, was confirmed, and the establishment of its church ratified; or, to the scenes of horror and carnage, which took place, in the streets, and before the colleges, in the tumultuous season of the Rebellion, when the crimes and barbarities, committed by the detestable and hypocritical fanaticism of the puritans, that odious genus, of which, the Brownists, fifth monarchy men, and the rest, were species, were not even exceeded by the inhuman brutalities, exercised in the French revolution, witness the mercuries or chronicles of the era of the time, which are extant.

The recollections too, of that era, bring before us the presence of the unhappy

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Charles, who, for some time, made a stand, within the walls of Oxford, against the powers of the rebels. Here he held his court. The houses of Holywell, and the parish of St. Giles, contained the nobility, which adhered, faithfully, to their king, his ministers, officers, and his unfortunate family.

* * * *

* * * *

What a galaxy of brilliant names, dazzles us, in the remembrance of all, whose growth, in greatness, has been fostered by Alma Mater, as future ornaments to their country, in church and state, in science and in literature!

* * * *

To enumerate them all, to be sure, would not exactly take up so much paper, as would fill the world, as St. John says, though a great deal more than I could conveniently spare; so I shall not make the attempt. It would be to carry lionizing a little too far. Apropos,

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this duty being performed, I attended Laura, in the evening, to the concert-room, where we heard, as usual, some sufficiently bad singing, by Bellamy, and some sufficiently good, by Braham. As to his finest, and most arduous execution, I confess, I feel, very much, with Dr. Johnson, on the subject, though I have, thank Heaven, more taste for music, than was professed by that sage, who, on hearing every one expressing himself in ecstacies at some eminently fine execution, shook his head, vehemently, at the same time, exclaiming, that he wished it were impossible!

But the story is old and trite. To return then to Laura, the commemoration being now concluded, the train of fashion dispersed, the bustle ended, and Oxford abandoned to its wonted gloom and placidity, she, also, took her leave of the place, amongst the rest of its visitors, apparently, much satisfied with my attention to her, during her visit, for which, I was amply repaid, by the smile she gave me,

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as the carriage rolled away from before the Star, which inn she had resorted to, during her stay.

On taking leave, my uncle repeated his desire that I would come, and pass the summer-vacation, at his residence, in Derbyshire, whither, as soon as I could, I followed him. Love gave me wings—but a truce to rant.

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CHAP. XVIII.

EVENTS OF THE SUMMER-VACATION.

Had we never loved so kindly;
Had we never loved so blindly
Never met, or never parted;
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.—MOORE.

I had brought my books, with me, to my uncle's house, for the purpose of reading, during the vacation, and, for a month or two, really, from a sense of the urgency of my situation, I applied, with tolerable closeness: for I had paid so little attention to books,

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throughout my university-career, and the time was, now, so fast approaching, when my examination must be undergone, that application was absolutely necessary.

I was looked upon, quite, as one of the family, as indeed I was; but, I mean, the Colonel's residence was, as much, a home, to me, as that, which I had been accustomed to, from my infancy. My quiet, studious conduct imbued him with a decided opinion, that I was possessed of great, natural steadiness, and, so completely did he place confidence in me, that he would, frequently, leave me, at home, with his daughter, whenever any business happened to call him, for a day or two, away.

One morning, a solicitor's letter required his presence, in town, as a party, in a cause, in Chancery; an affair which, off and on, was likely to detain him, perhaps, two or three months, or, at any rate, during the whole remainder of my vacation.

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As his immediate presence was necessary, he made no delay in setting out, upon his journey; and took leave of Laura and myself, with his usual frankness and confidence. His only cause of uneasiness was, being called away, on so unpleasant, and, generally, interminable a commission, as a suit in chancery.

My cousin and I were not, to be sure, left altogether to ourselves. There was, also, an elderly lady, who had been an acquaintance of the Colonel's, some years past, staying in the house, at the time. She, poor soul, had been rendered, nearly blind, by age, and was, furthermore, as deaf as a post.

The infirmities of this good, old lady, necessarily, rendered her presence, down stairs, very uncertain, and, when she did make her appearance, she was, so little able to join, in the conversation, that, whether we would or no, Laura and I were compelled to

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find an antidote to ennui, in the resources of each other, exclusively.

It was impossible, for me, to resist attractions, so powerful, as those of my cousin's society. Unconsciously, I always found myself by her side, and could be happy no where else. My books were thrown away; for, however urgent the occasion, which demanded their perusal, who, for the dry task of logic, philosophy, divinity, and history, could, possibly, forego the fascination of elegance, and accomplishment, or be of so callous a nature, as to resist the witchery of beauty?

The man, who could be insensible to such charms, I should despise, as the miserable slave of an apathy, the most and dullest degrading, as senseless as the clay, of which he was formed, and guilty of an indifference, colder, and more revolting, than even that, which excites the astonishment of the poet.

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For who, to dumb forgetfulness, a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd?
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look, behind?

No! my every thought was devoted to the contemplation of Laura's charms, her wit, or her beauty; every word was uttered with the wish of pleasing her; every action displayed the anxiety, I felt, in paying her attentions. To use the cant of the writers of love-novels, she was, my idol by day, and the dream, which haunted me, by night.

The subjects, which, I perceived, pleased her, most, were those, on which I most loved to dwell, in her presence, and, by which, I endeavoured to show her, the congeniality of soul, existing between us. The airs, she loved to play, I would beg to hear again and again, and listened to them, with the most eager delight, in the consideration that the same sounds, also, penetrated her

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bosom. The scenes, she delighted in looking upon, were those, on which, alone, my eye felt pleasure in resting, and, to view which, I was always impatient to conduct her. My attentions were not without their effect. Laura had long, I am sure, felt a regard for me, as her relation; the more, because she had so few, besides myself; but, I knew, that, now, she felt more tenderly towards me, and was conscious that, we, mutually, cherished love, for each other.

If Laura had been less beautiful, I could, perhaps, have abated somewhat of the attention, which I, so anxiously, paid her; but, as it was, I was drawn to her side, by a fascination, an impulse, which I could not, possibly, resist. I was inflamed, and irritated, with a passion, whose warmth, it was, in vain for me, to endeavour to quench. I loved, beyond all power of control, and, in the assiduity of evincing my tenderness, I unconsciously awakened, in the object of it, a

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love for myself; nor did I, when I perceived it was awakened, abate any of those efforts, which might encourage it; but fanned the fire, which had been kindled, into an ardent, and uncontrolable flame.

Ah! dangerous, disastrous crisis! Ill-starred, unhappy hour, when the voice of warning is lulled to sleep, in the breast; when the blush of shame is absorbed in the cheek, by the hectic, feverish glow of passion, When hearts, the most pure, are the soonest deceived into their own betrayal, and innocence, the most guileless, to surrender itself, a victim!

They who know not the heart of woman, know not, when she loves, how violent is the passion: how unconquerable an enemy to her peace, she fosters beneath her bosom. A passion, felt, with an intensity, which knows no bounds; with an ardour, which knows no restraint; with a devotion, which hurries it on to sacrifice every thing, all it should

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cherish most, to the object which commands it. Alas! this is a moment when she will even blame her lover for not snatching from her, her peace, her honour, all a woman can cherish as most dear. It is a moment of trial, no less cruel to the object of her affections, if he possesses any feeling or remorse, than to herself; when, frequently, both are urged, headlong, to indiscretion, which they shall, dearly, rue, for many a bitter hour of future regret.

What, cannot, in time, be done with the female heart, where fondness is awakened? At first, by stealthy and timid degrees, it is drawn nearer, and nearer, to the object of its regard, and, at length, precipitately, surrenders itself up, his prize. What will not constant attention, painful assiduity, solicitous and anxious tenderness, on the part of a lover, at last, effect? With what rewards will not an endearing, imploring address, ultimately, crown his toil? Nor is the reward, fre-

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quently, long, withheld from him. It, too often, meets his advances half-way, and, ere he has come up to close in the encounter, resigns itself, his captive.

Alas! what I have been saying, is the prelude to what I, scarcely, dare confess, the inexhaustible source of all the misery, which, to the present hour, has preyed upon my soul. Let me be suffered to spare myself the agonies of detail. Let me not be required to represent all the anguish, all the penitence, all the shame, all the reproach, which remorse, the most harrassing and bitter, unremittingly and unsparingly, condemns me to endure. Let pity be mingled with indignation, and mercy be extended towards the sufferings, awakened by contrition! Let the wound, which has goaded me to madness, be permitted to fester in its natural virulence, without the wanton addition of gall, or the bitterness of reproach, to sharpen, to a more intense acuteness, the sensibility of its tortures.

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But, from my own woes, to turn to those of her who partook in them, with me—

The fatal, the irrevocable step, which the impetuosity of passion had urged, beyond the power of reclaim, had been taken; and then, what a cloud of misery succeeded to the delusive brilliancy of a rapturous dream! What a cold, forbidding, sickening waste of desolation spread itself before the aching, despairing vision of the mind. O God! it is too agonizing a recollection to support.

Where was, now, to be found the peace of mind, the unsullied temperament of cheerfulness, the consciousness of purity, and the happy confidence of untainted honour? All, all were forfeited. Disgust, melancholy, shame, rage, grief, despair had succeeded to them, and were the harpies, which preyed upon the soul. Where was now the smile of innocence, and cheerfulness? It had fled, before the languish of regret, had given place

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to the bitter tear, which spoke the anguish of the heart.

The weight of woe, which preyed upon Laura's spirits, had so powerful an effect upon her, that her strength, gradually, became more and more feeble. She was incapable of benefiting by nourishment; her frame, once, so sprightly and graceful, was bowed down, by languor, and depression; the pallid hue of sickliness overspread cheeks, once, radiant, with the blossom of transparent health and beauty; her voice too, heretofore, so melodious and clear, could, scarcely, find utterance, in accents, weak, faltering, and choked by tears.

I urged, to her, with all my earnestness, the necessity of fortitude, in keeping up her spirits, in endeavouring to regain her strength and appearance of composure, if not of health, before the Colonel's return. I told her, that I only waited for the close of my examination at Oxford, to ask her, of her father, imme-

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diately, in marriage. My whole eloquence, my whole ingenuity was exerted, with all the tenderness, which love and grief could inspire, to induce her not to reject consolation; and I cheered her, with the prospect of the many happy moments, which we might look forward to passing in the enjoyment of each other's society.

But, a heart, so susceptible, so sensible as Laura's, was unable to divest itself of the burthen, with which the consciousness of shame had weighed it down. It was, in vain, she attempted to rouse herself from the desponding air of lethargy, which grief had thrown over her frame; or to call forth a smile to play upon the lip, which quivered with the ever constant thought of her distress.

* * * *

I was obliged to take my departure, before the return of the Colonel, with a renewal of my exhortations, to her, to forget the effect of the mere thoughtlessness of an unguarded

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moment of uncontrolable ardour; again, I directed her view to the sight of future contentment and happiness, and left her, heart-broken at the contemplation of her misery. Execrated by my self-reproach, as harrassed, as emaciated, as worn down, with grief and, remorse as she was; well could I feel, how unavailable were all my arguments to restore peace of mind, to her heart, when no efforts could afford consolation to my own.

The excuses for her altered appearance, on her father's return, were to be, an attack of fever, with spasms, for all which, the physician who attended her, in this, in its origin, heart-rending mockery of complaint, had reason to give her full credit. Alas! what it had been, at first, resolved on to assume, now, in reality, fixed itself upon her, and become too seriously true.

Her father, on his return, found her in a most dangerous state of fever, of which, he, little, apprehended the cause.

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CHAP. XIX.

CONSUMMATION OF THIS STRANGE EVENTFUL HISTORY.

O! thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O! beat away the busy, meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And, from his bosom, purge this black despair!

SHAKESPEAR.

More dead than alive, I hastened back, to the university, snatched up my books, and, as far as my distraction of mind would allow

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me, paid such attention to them, as the urgent necessity of the moment demanded; although it was, with difficulty, extorted, and only by fits and starts.

This was, indeed, a cruel hour of trial. My agony of mind, and intense exertion, to hurry, into the small compass of four weeks, the application, which would have well, been distributed, upon the labours of as many months, produced such an effect, upon my brain, as, nearly, drove me to madness. For some days, I was thrown into a burning fever of delirium, and had, scarcely, escaped, from its most violent effects, when I was hurried before my inquisitors, to meet the ordeal of examination. Few, I should think, have ever borne the brunt of such a trial, under circumstances, more distressing.

The morning, which liberated me, from the schools, saw me hasten away, for the spot, where all my hopes and fears were

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centered; whither all the anxiety of my love, all the bitterness of my remorse was directed.

Every thing was dark, and silent, as I approached the unhappy scene, which had witnessed the progress, and, alas! the consummation of my passion. The shutters of the windows were all closed. Not a domestic appeared to be stirring, in its precincts. The bustle of action was suspended. No voice saluted the ear. All was still, and lifeless, and obscure.

My heart sunk within me. My hand trembled, as I laid it on the bell, to summon some one, to give me admittance. I shuddered at the thought of what I might hear, or what scenes might be brought before my eyes. My knees knocked together, and it was, with difficulty, I could stand, supported by the pillars of the portico.

At length, the door was opened, not, as usual, alertly, and readily, by the hand of a

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prompt, active, man-servant; but feebly, and tremulously, by the slow, frosty fingers of a shrivelled, old woman.

Good God! I exclaimed, what can be the meaning of all this? Tell me, I beseech you, what mean those closed, and darkened windows, this air of solitude and sorrowful desertion? Is——

I dared not ask if Colonel Cawdore was at home. All power of articulation had left me, and I burst into tears.

The apprehension of the disasters, which my mind presaged, was, for a while, alleviated; and the hopes, which had sunk in my breast, were again awakened, when I was informed, by the old woman, that the family had gone to a watering place, at no very great distance, where it had now been, for three weeks, on account of the health of Miss Cawdore. Any thing, further, she was unable to communicate to me, except, what she might have spared, that she had

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been left in charge of the house, during the absence of the family, and, having entered it, on the evening, the servants went away, when all the shutters of the house had been closed, she had not cared, as she called it, to open them, since.

Though it was not otherwise important, yet it was satisfactory, to me, that the cause of the apprehensions, awakened, at the gloomy appearance of the house, was only that, which this old woman had communicated to me.

Before I hurried away, to regain the presence of my dear Laura, at Cheltenham, I could not resist visiting a little apartment, which had been her favourite sitting-room. It looked out, upon the back of the park, in which the house was situated, and commanded a beautiful prospect of woody hills, of dale, and of water.

I tore open the shutters, which debarred me from the scene of so many fond, and heart-rending recollections. There was her

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late, just as she had left it. There was the volume of Byron, still laid open, at the part, where she had discontinued its perusal. I remember, it was in the Corsair. We had been reading it together.

> If there be love, in mortals, this was love.
> Yes, it was love, unchangeable, unchang'd,
> Felt, but for one, from whom he never rang'd.

* * * *

* * * *

This room, I recollect, she had deserted, some days, before my departure, at the time, which commenced the miseries of that—yes! spotless soul.

But I have dwelt enough, on this painful subject, before.

Every thing appeared, to have remained, exactly, as it had been left, from that moment. Not a book, not a drawing, nor instrument, nor piece of music, nor a single

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article of furniture had been disturbed. Her presence was recalled to me, in every thing, upon which I turned my eyes. The hand, which laid the opened book upon the table, was before me; the eyes, which moistened, with tenderness, at the beauties, it contained, or sparkled with pleasure, derived from that music, whose sounds yet vibrated on my ear, I could, scarcely, help persuading myself, that she was still present, that we were still enjoying the delights of poetry, or music, or converse, in each other's company. Alas! I was but cherishing an idea, from which I awakened to a painful, distracting reality.

She was absent, indeed; but there, above the mantle piece, smiled the semblance of her features.

* * * *

Παρεις σιγασ, ατιμος, αλοιδορος,
Αδιος αφεμιναν, ιδειν.

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I could have knelt down, and prayed, to the portrait, for forgiveness, its aspect looked so benignly, from the canvass, upon me. I raised myself, on a chair, and kissed those dear lips, whose originals, I had, so often, pressed to mine; and hung over those lovely lineaments, till I was obliged to tear myself from them.

Like Dido, I could have immolated myself, for very grief, on the spot, at the sight of all the traces, which were around me, of her I loved, when the unhappy queen—

> Iliacas vestes notumque cubile
> Conspexit, paulum lacrymis, et mente moratâ
> Incubuitque toro, dixitque novissima verba.

Hope gave me strength, to support my spirits, and added impulse, to the dispatch, with which, I hastened to reach Cheltenham.

As I entered the place, the melancholy, funeral toll of a bell, made my heart flutter, and chilled my blood, within me. I, quickly,

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learned the place of my uncle's residence. It was a house, which looked upon the lime-walk. I, instantly, repaired thither. The appearance, with which it presented me, was not more cheering than that of the abode in Derbyshire, which I had just left; yet hope had not abandoned me. I entered the gate of the garden, before the house. Hope, still, sustained me. I knocked, at the door. Hope had not, then, fled from me. I entered. I saw none, but females, clad in mourning, with sorrow-streaming eyes. Hope, instantly deserted me, and I fell, senseless, on the floor.

* * * *

When I had come to myself, I was informed of all, which I had read, in the looks, and carriage, of the mournful train, which surrounded me. Laura, I can, with difficulty, write the name, for my tears, the strength of Laura had, from the time of her

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arrival, gradually wasted. The decay, beneath which she drooped, became more and more confirmed. The spring of life was exhausted! The bell, which smote upon my ears, with a chill, as if it had been my own summons to the grave, had, indeed, tolled over her corpse, as it descended into the earth: over the consummation of her obsequies!

This was too much for me to bear. I, earnestly, and unfeignedly, believe, the desperate anguish of my soul, would have driven me to instant self-destruction, had I not been roused, from the transports of my grief, by the recollection that I had not yet asked concerning her father. I was in the house, which he tenanted, yet I had not seen him. Heavens! what new theme of misery was I destined to deplore!

The women, upon my enquiries, answered me that the Colonel had gone up, to his bedroom, about three hours since, in order, as

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he said, to take some repose, and had desired that he might not be disturbed.

The words had not been concluded, ere I sprung from my seat, and bounded up the stairs, guided, by a kind of instinct, to the spot, of which I was in quest.

My God! What a scene disclosed itself to me! Not all, which poets have told of the frantic son,* rushing upon that horrid spectacle, which had been the consequence of incest, nor, of the youth, who immolated himself over the mangled corpse of his betrothed†, nor of the sacrifice of Juliet, on witnessing the fate of her faithful lover, presented a sight, half so cruel half so appalling.

There, on the bed, was lying the person of him, I sought, weltering in blood; the hands clenched, and the knees bent up, as indicative

* Œdipus—Sophocles Œd, Tyrannus.

† Hæmon—Sophocles Antigone.

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of the horrid struggles of convulsion. In the right hand, was grasped a knife, with which many deep, and ghastly wounds had been inflicted, on the breast and throat: a stream of black, clotted blood had rushed from the mouth....

But why should I continue the delineation of a sight of so much horror? Have I fortitude, sufficient to support me, through so dreadful a detail? In pity to my sufferings, let any further mention of it be spared.

I must yet, however, at least, summon fortitude enough, to support me to the close of this painful chapter, which I could willingly, have left, interrupted, here.

It appeared, from a paper, which had been left for me, in my lamented, much-injured uncle's hand-writing, that it had been the object of his fondest wishes, one, to the accomplishment of which, he looked forward, with impatience, that an alliance should have taken place, between his daughter and me.

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It was the constant desire, which he cherished, next his heart. The hope of seeing his family perpetuated, in me, was never suffered to quit his mind, for a moment. With this view, he had settled, on me, all the property, which he possessed, providing, further, that it should descend to my children, after me.

The cause of her sad and rapid decease, was never imparted, to her father, by Laura, and she died, with the disastrous secret, close locked, in her heart, in which she, silently, breathed her vows, and her remorse, to her Maker. It was not, however, long, before the tale of her woes was revealed to her wretched parent. There were too many memorials, which, plainly, recorded it, to the penetrating perception of a father.

Some little things, the recollection of which, since her illness, had escaped her, it matters not what they were, which she had received from me, confirmed, at length, the suspicion, which the first sight had awakened,

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of all, which had occurred. She, indeed, suffered her sorrows to prey upon her, sacredly and religiously confined, to her own bosom. Like her, whose passion is described by Viola,

> She never told her love;
> But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek.

* * * *

However, the story, which she dared not relate, was destined, at last, to be divulged. The shock, which this discovery occasioned, to the feelings of my uncle, was too violent, for him, to withstand. It stunned him, as it were, beyond the power of recovery. The agony of mind, in which he was, at once, absorbed, deprived him, shortly, of his reason: not, however, before he had upbraided me, in the bitter writing, which he left, for his hopes frustrated, his peace of mind destroyed, and his honour and his happiness

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wrested from him, in the violation of that of his daughter! As the penalty for this, he abjured all connection with me, and what, at one time, he had sought, with so much eagerness, he loathed, and turned away from, with abhorrence and disgust. The memory of all ties of friendship, by which he had been linked to me, he dissolved. All declarations of affection for me, he revoked; every testimony of his regard, which he had bequeathed me, he reclaimed; every provision, he rescinded. He consigned me to the endless and agonizing pangs of remorse; to an existence of affliction, ever aggravated by the incessant reproaches of conscience. He left me the bitterness of his curse.

* * * *

* * * *

My feelings will scarcely permit me to tell of any thing, in which I may have been concerned, from the period of the events, just related, up to that of the completion of my

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career, at the university*. In fact, I have little, else, to tell, unless it were to repeat the unremitted distress of mind, which I endure, the grief, the shame, the self-detestation, with which I am harrassed; the penitence, which weighs down my soul; unless I were to confess that there is not a morning, in which, I rise, nor an evening, in which, I go to rest (not to rest, indeed), which I do not hope may be my last..

* * * *

* * * *

In a word, at parting, to those, for whose benefit or amusement, as it may happen, these pages have been written.—They have been presented with the catastrophe, which idleness had begun, and evil has ended. If they are wise, though they may not, perhaps,

* The Author must allude to some term which it was necessary he should keep, subsequent to the period of his examination.—Ed.

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have escaped the principle of the evil, they will yet take precaution, in time, and shun the chance of incurring the result.

THE END.

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